The Literary Digest

FOR JULY 25, 1936

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Mail

Topic Topped

Sir:—It is interesting to note in a recent issue that Mr. Walter G. Holliday of Hankow, China, takes exception to the "Topic in Brief" (from the Dayton *Journal*): "Let's hope that Italy and Japan don't annex every land where the people haven't sense enough to govern themselves," and supposes the reference is to China.

He says: "The Daytonian never stopped to think of credit due the nationally-minded individuals who are governing and revising the governing of this vast country. The problems dealt with are such as never come or might come to the governing powers of our own great country in these days."

With the great increase in the use of strong drink and crime since repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, one would naturally suppose that the *Journal* was referring to our own United States.

It is encouraging to note that some one thinks differently.

CHARLES A. LEONARD, SR.
American Southern Baptist Mission.
Harbin, Manchuria.

Only Ten Poets

Sir:—In a recent issue under caption "Mail" and subcaption "Poetry" a Berlin, Connecticut, correspondent has a high opinion of the Poetry page. Whereas another calls it preposterous and states there has never been

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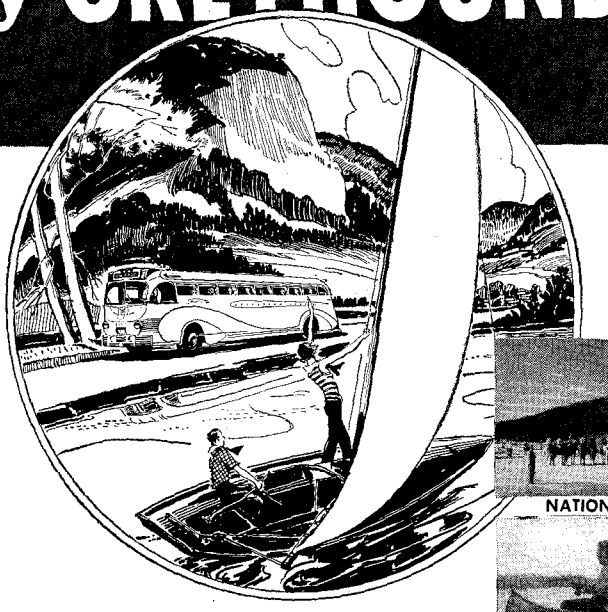

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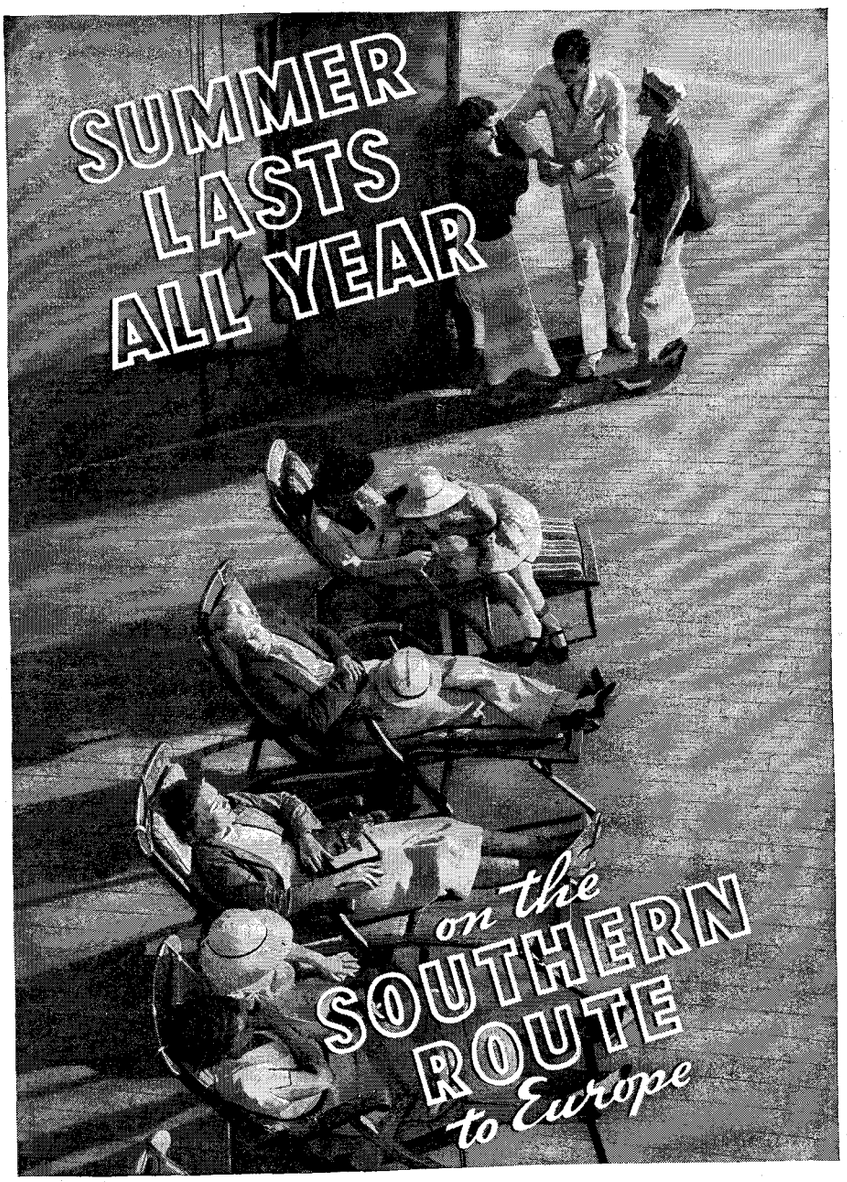

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ITALIAN LINE

more than ten poets in all history and none as good as Kipling.

To use his own word, his assertion is *preposterous*. I ask that he name the ten poets.

JOHN FAIRBAIRN HOLMES.
Glen Ellyn, Illinois.

Wage Rates

Sir:—In THE LITERARY DIGEST of July 11, I read: "Hourly wage rates were 6 to 7 per cent. higher than the 1929 peak and 8 per cent. above the average for all industry."

In the radio address of John L. Lewis, New York *Times*, of July 7, I find the following: ". . . by the returns of twenty-one industries studied by the National Industrial Conference Board as to change in actual and real weekly wages during the period 1929-36. In this comparison the steel industry ranks last both as to actual money wages and real wages paid."

While not always agreeing with THE DIGEST I do depend on its fairness and honesty. May I ask how you reconcile the two statements above?

C. ROGERS SMITH.
Middletown, New York.

[Figures showing the higher wage rate include both skilled and unskilled labor in steel; figures showing the lower rate are limited to unskilled labor, which constitutes a small percentage of the industry, according to the National Industrial Conference Board. —EDITOR.]

Thank You!

Sir:—I worked one and a quarter days on the farm of a neighbor drilling corn and furnishing the one-horse corn drill for this Dollar. [enclosed]

Do I like THE LITERARY DIGEST? It is necessary mental food for the alive thinker.

F. F. FITE.
Charters, Kentucky.

Sir:—Our whole family reads and enjoys your magazine, as it gives clear-cut views of all major subjects and questions of the news.

Continue to publish your magazine along these lines and I feel that it cannot fail to attract more readers the older it grows.

ROBERT H. FRAUNCES.
Glen Olden, Pennsylvania.

Jehovah's Witnesses

Sir:—Your publication of May 2 concerning Jehovah's Witnesses does not state the facts. The writer must have been grievously misinformed. The organization is not "a fanatical religious sect." They are the true followers of Christ Jesus. Religious organizations follow the teachings of men. Jehovah's Witnesses are guided entirely by the Word of Jehovah God as set forth in the Bible. The organization does not seek or receive members, the sole purpose thereof being to inform the people of the contents of the Bible.

The Pharisees, the religious clergy of ancient time, asked Jesus: "Why do thy disciples trangress the tradition of the fathers?" Jesus answered: "Why do you trangress the Word of God by your traditions . . . You have made the commandments of God of none effect by your traditions." The same is true to-day. Jesus was persecuted because he told the truth. Jehovah's Witnesses are misrepresented and persecuted to-day by religionists for the same reason.—John 8: 40-44; John 15:19,20.

Freedom of speech and freedom of worship should be accorded to every one. Such is denied in America. The issue is: Shall the people without hindrance have opportunity to learn what is in the Bible, or shall they be compelled to follow the teachings of men and remain in ignorance and darkness?

J. F. RUTHERFORD.
President,
Watch Tower Bible & Tract Society.
Brooklyn, New York.

Sir:—There is one sentence in the Rev. A. C. Wegner's letter in answer to Leo Wolfenstein's question as to the distinction between Jehovah's Witnesses' refusal to salute the flag, and the early Christians' refusal to salute the Emperor's statue, which is a little confusing.

The sentence is as follows: "The early Christians he referred to were not Christians, but Old Testament Hebrew believers in God."

Does the Rev. Mr. Wegner mean to imply by this sentence that there were no Christians who refused to salute the Emperor's statue? If he does, I am afraid he is a little off in his knowledge of history. Almost any history of the Roman period will mention the fact that thousands of Christians were martyred because of this very refusal.

P. T. DONALDSON.
Dubuque, Iowa.

Supreme Court

Sir:—Will you be so kind as to inform me in a future issue of THE DIGEST the names of the *fortunate* countries referred to by Mr. H. O. Skinner of St. Paul, Minnesota, "that have the safeguard of a Supreme Court."

CHAS. HENRY FRANCIS.
Newbridge-on-Ebbin, England.

Sir:—In an address delivered on October 1, 1935, before the Hennepin County Bar Association of Minnesota the Hon. Royal A.

(*Continued on page 40*)

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK JULY 25, 1936

Topics of the day

CUTS IN RELIEF AND DISPUTED RESULTS

Jersey Reduces Costs, But Death of a Baby Stirs Argument

"HOBOKEN STOPS RELIEF TO 5,000; NO ONE STARVES," commuters read in the Republican New York *Herald Tribune* one morning last week.

"RELIEF SLICED, CHILD DIES OF MALNUTRITION," subway straphangers saw in the pro-New Deal *Daily News* the same morning.

This head-on head-line crash epitomizes the relief situation in New Jersey; and the national relief picture focuses on New Jersey.

From the wrangle which swirled around the little white coffin of three-year-old Donald Hastie in a Hoboken tenement, State and Nation, Republicans and Democrats, hoped to resolve their policies for the care of the needy.

The boy's father, a frail Scot in his early thirties, lost his job in the seasonal lay-off at a Jersey battery factory last January. That was the month direct Federal relief ended in the State. For a few months, Hastie got $11.40 from the State every other week to feed his family of five.

System Changed—Meanwhile the unpopularity of "Governor Hoffman's pennies" killed the sales tax which had been paying for New Jersey's State dole. Caught in a political row over substitute taxation, the State stepped out in April, and let cities and towns take over the financing and administering of relief.

Having been told to "do or die" by Washington, New Jersey passed the buck along to impoverished municipalities. Would the answer be "die"? Other States, staggering under bloated budgets, watched the experiment eagerly.

As for Hastie—dropped from the dole with thousands of others, he could not get his application for local aid accepted by the Hoboken Poormaster until the end of May. After that he received $5.30 every two weeks.

Last week, two of the Hastie children went to the hospital. James, Jr., eleven, had broken his knee at play. Donald, three, needed food; at least a hospital attaché thought so. Then Donald died. Doctors reported that he had been poisoned by eating flakes of paint which he had scraped off his crib and off the walls of his home.

"I couldn't stop him; he was always so hungry," cried his mother, janitress in the fifteen-family tenement.

Just before Donald died, his father got a $15-a-week WPA job. This week he planned to return to his old stand at the battery plant for $20 a week.

Hoboken doctors said that even well-fed children sometimes eat paint. Hoboken relief officials said that the Hasties could have got more money if they had come for it, and that Hastie could have had work sooner. Hastie insisted that he had tried in vain.

If Donald starved, Hoboken's attempt to minister to its poor without outside aid was a failure, said some. If Donald did not starve, Hoboken could point with pride to the reduction of relief by 5,000 persons since April.

Hoboken was but one of the 448 local "laboratories" in New Jersey in which decentralization of relief had undergone a three-months' test. By August 1, the New Jersey Emergency Relief Administration, which for the past five years has been occupying extensive offices in Newark, will be completely liquidated, its 650 tons of records stored, its $650,000 worth of equipment and furniture salvaged or transferred.

Tax Windfall—Stripped of this vast setup, New Jersey's municipalities sighed with the realization that not yet at least would they have to go it entirely alone. They clutched meager comfort from the $6,000,000 which the Legislature had given to Arthur Mudd, Executive Director of the New Jersey State Financial Assistance Committee, to distribute. The $6,000,000 windfall dropped into New Jersey's lap when long litigation over the soup millions of the late John T. Dorrance ended, releasing a huge inheritance tax. Director Mudd worked out a complicated loan system to ladle out the tonic dollars in small doses, planning to make it last as long as he could.

New Jersey is still rubbing its eyes. The State was startled to find itself conducting so vital an experiment. It had not been deliberate. Nor is it conclusive, cry the cautious. Many sought to make it appear to be. Social agencies, government workers and partizans visited homes and relief offices, took out pencil and paper, added and subtracted and, in most cases, found what they set out to find.

Partizan View—On data from forty-four communities, a Republican research committee reported that the cost of relief in New Jersey had been cut from $720,838 to $439,271 a month, with the elimination of chiseling and without permitting any one to starve. Return of relief to non-political local agencies is a tenet of the national Republican platform.

Then Federal Relief Administrator Hopkins cited a WPA survey to show that starvation and disease were stalking through many dilapidated homes in New Jersey as the result of the failure of the State to provide help for the unemployables.

Next, the American Association of Social Workers accused the towns of solving their problem by the simple expedient of slashing the relief rolls without regard for consequences.

New Jersey, it concluded, was "experimenting with slow starvation."

The New York Board of Trade, getting its information from local Chambers of Commerce, congratulated New Jersey for halving relief costs and breaking the "relief trust."

The New Jersey League of Municipalities, avoiding drawing morals, counted sixty-five out of eighty communities which needed State aid if they were to provide for their poor.

Analysis convinced Arthur Train, Jr., writing in *Today*, that the New Jersey relief situation isn't a test case at all. It is, to him, a hasty stop-gap attempt. Seashore resorts, the berry fields and truck gardens normally would increase Jersey summer

SENATORS FAMILIES EAT WHY CAN'T OUR FAMILIES
Sordoni and Harvey Are Against even a 6¢ Meal for the Poor
Senator Harvey KeepS Breed
STOP Playing Politics with HUMAN MISERY
WE WANT MILK
HARRISBURG BOARD FOR IMMEDIATE APPROPIATION OF RELIEF
WE WON'T STARVE
MISTER BIG FELLOW We Want More than 6¢ A Meal
WORKERS

Wide World

Harrisburg "hunger marchers": they got part of what they wanted

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employment. The WPA took many workers. When these projects end, they will be thrown back on relief, Train said.

Reportorial Inquiries—Newspapers undertook independent surveys. One, the Boston *Traveler*, summarized: "There is content with the sharply reduced costs, the dwindling relief rolls, and . . . the idea is catching on rapidly in neighboring States."

Pennsylvania's Governor Earle, New Deal enthusiast, and an "army" of unemployed saw to it that the idea did not catch on in one neighboring State last week.

For ten weeks, political partizans had been wrestling in the Capitol at Harrisburg over continued State relief aid. Governor Earle wanted no less than $55,000,000 appropriated. Republicans wanted no more than $35,000,000.

When the deadlock stopped the flow of relief checks, the jobless—more than a thousand of them, men in shirt-sleeves, women in gingham, children in tatters—marched on Harrisburg as they had on Trenton three months before. They demanded at least $100,000,000. They harangued on the Capitol steps, in the rotunda and in the muraled hallways of the Capitol. They booed and hissed and cheered from the galleries. They bivouacked in the ten-acre Farm Show Building. State Troopers, with pistols dangling at their sides, and riot-sticks ready, stood by.

Fund Voted—Finally last week, the Pennsylvania Legislature compromised on a $45,000,000 appropriation. While the relief demonstrators (led, as in New Jersey, by the Workers' Alliance) disbanded, relief offices kept lights burning late and worked feverishly to get the belated payments signed and mailed.

Other States looked to New Jersey and Pennsylvania for clues. Many faced the same problem in varying degrees. Few had centralized the problem to the point New Jersey had, but most of them had been helping out local divisions with money.

Relief will be an issue when the Illinois Legislature convenes August 4. Florida this year is voting on a constitutional amendment to decide whether the State should assist the local governments in meeting relief problems.

Where, in the East, particularly the New England States, relief has been largely a municipal task, in the Midwest it has been largely on a county basis, without much help from the States. Most Southern States have made negligible contributions—or none. Some States, like New Mexico, are prepared to carry the full load.

In general, State participation increased from 1933 up to July 1, 1935. In the fall of 1935, the Federal Government stopped the dole and concentrated on work-relief. Since then, there has been a growing movement to let the onus return to counties and municipalities. More than forty States have been aiding in the care of relief. They are withdrawing gradually.

Editorial Comment—Editors and commentators looked toward New Jersey and sounded warnings.

"The showing New Jersey has made should be of paramount interest to the taxpayers of every State bled by the squandering of the New Dealers," the Indianapolis *Star* scolded. "Instead of providing maximum aid for the distressed, a large percentage of relief funds had gone into the pockets of the administrative army. That is the result of the vast array of centralized bureaucrats playing politics with human misery."

John T. Flynn held in the Washington *News* that the experiment "may prove that we can save money by letting children starve and women go hungry and forcing people to work for a few cents a day."

"But," he asked, "is money saved that way worth while?"

The Boston *Transcript* admits that "doubtless this forthright action in Jersey has caused a certain amount of hardship," and "doubtless there are cases in which individual injustice has been done" but, it concludes:

"There need be no fear, and there is no fear that any man, woman or child will be permitted to starve. No matter what the New Dealers may say, local communities are just as solicitous for the welfare of their people and exactly as sensitive to suffering as are any bureaucrats in the State Capitol or in Washington itself. . . . Sooner or later, unless the principles enunciated in the Republican platform are given a country-wide attention, it will be stark necessity which will force the nation to adopt a similar course."

ATTACK ON DROUGHT:

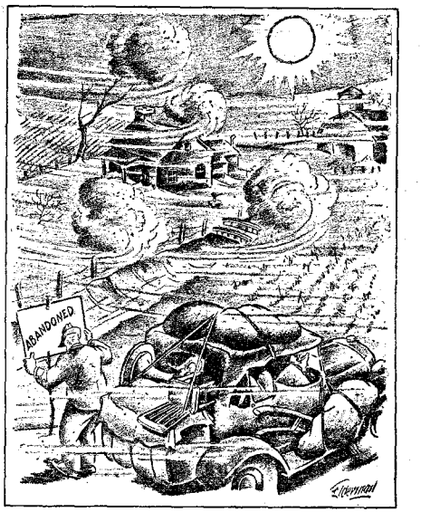
New Deal Versus Starvation, Ruined Farms in Five States

For the benefit of John Brown and thousands of other drought-beaten farmers of the West, Northwest, and South, the Government last week set into full operation its program of succor and rehabilitation.

John Brown of North Dakota, typical of the legion of farmers and ranchers in the five States hardest hit by the scourge—Minnesota, the Dakotas, Montana, and Wyoming—had assurance of quick help in several directions.

First, his family was assured of food—there would be no starvation, anywhere. He also had a promise of a $15-a-week WPA job on a soil or water-conservation project. In addition, the Government was ready to help him maintain four or five work horses, two milk cows, fifty chickens and three or four hogs.

"IT SAYS GRAIN PRICES ARE BOOMING"
—Bishop in the St. Louis Star-Times



THE COVERED WAGON
—Elderman in the Washington Post

That was for the average farmer. If, however, he had a large herd of cattle, the Government would help him, by means of loans, to ship them to new pasturage, or feed them where they are, until next year. A cattle-buying and processing program also was put into effect.

North Dakota estimated its John Browns at 80,000, almost all of them heads of families. In the five States, it was estimated that 111,000 families would need relief; in the whole drought area, about 204,000 families.

Tugwell Takes Plane—With the backbone of the drought finally broken, altho the fate of the corn crop, biggest of them all, remained in doubt, estimates of the total damage caused by the rainless, scorching siege rose as high as $1,000,000,000. In the face of that situation, Rexford Guy Tugwell, Under Secretary of Agriculture and head of the Rural Resettlement Administration, flew to Bismarck, North Dakota, for a five-State conference.

Working in cooperation with Harry L. Hopkins, head of WPA, he announced that the Government could assure every distressed farmer quick and effective aid. The loans to be made, he said, would average about $500; the maximum would be $900. Meanwhile, it was announced that the WPA jobs to be handed out would be on dams, reservoirs, meadow waterways, cleaning and developing natural springs, digging wells and planting forage crops.

For its long-range program, the Government considered several steps, one of them the removal of families from submarginal land in the Dakotas to the more fertile region of the Red River Valley of western North Dakota. Other steps were the returning of thousands of acres of submarginal land to pasturage and experimentation with erosion-resisting grasses.

How It Destroys—Soil erosion is not due to impoverished soil, but to a lack of the vegetation which once held the soil together. The parched soil becomes an easy prey to wind and water, and "black blizzards" are the result. Once the fertile topsoil goes, it can not be replaced by man.

The United States Soil Conservation Service estimates that 9,000,000 acres have been irretrievably ruined by erosion, and 50,000,000 additional acres so seriously

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affected that there is not much chance of their survival. Something like 200,000 acres are going every year, and the direct loss of all this in dollars is put at about $400,000,000 annually.

It is the need for a permanent program which is more and more engaging attention in the drought regions. As the Bismarck, North Dakota, *Tribune* says:

"The plan laid down for drought relief is a good one—as far as it goes. The trouble is it doesn't go far enough" to satisfy "those who seek permanent rehabilitation so that we may become self-supporting in the face of recurring disaster."

SPY SCARE: Navy Checks Up on Foreign Secret Agents After Farnsworth Arrest

No American law forbids gleaning information from newspapers, trade journals, and scientific publications. In this country, every month, is printed military and naval data which no other nation would permit to see daylight.

Because of this, America is a paradise for the most curious form of spy, the "half-and-half" agent. His most sinister weapon is a pair of scissors, and the greatest danger he faces is eye-strain from reading too much.

These men, called "observers," aren't romantic, yet, through their clipping and pasting, they manage to send home to foreign powers much valuable military and naval information without great risk.

But if a vast lot of data which would be confidential in another country does go where it shouldn't, it was not until last week that it was suspected that "The Service of Information and Security," first published in 1916 for limited circulation among commissioned officers of the United States Navy, had been sent to Japan.

What Does Nippon Know?—Thus, if the Imperial Japanese Navy is in possession, not of American plans for defending San Francisco, but of the system used by the Office of Naval Intelligence (ONI) for spying out the spies who are spying on the American Navy, it is a serious matter.

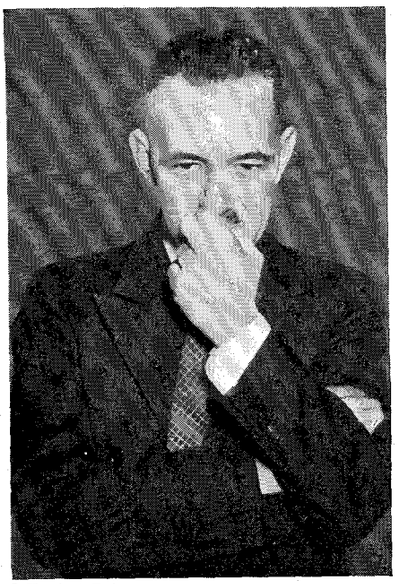
One copy of this book was said to have been in the hands of John Semer Farnsworth, forty-three, former lieutenant commander and American naval aviator. He is held in the infirmary cell section of the District of Columbia jail, accused of having turned over his book, in May, 1935, to a Japanese naval officer.

News of his arrest shocked many naval officers who knew him before he was cashiered, in 1927, for "scandalous conduct." They accounted him then a brilliant and popular officer, one of the most capable of naval men sprouting the golden wings of aviator. Never before had a "spy helper" accusation been lodged against a former American naval officer.

Annapolis Days—The Naval Academy Year Book for 1915 described him as "daring and reckless."

Had he lived in the days of the Old Navy, the sketch predicted, he "would have been famous for his desperate deeds and hairbreadth escapes."

Until the truth of his case is sifted by the ONI and the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI), he languishes in $10,000 bail. If found guilty, he faces a maximum of twenty years' imprisonment.



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John S. Farnsworth, former Navy officer: his arrest gave America "spy jitters"

Japan, it is reported, will spend $12,000,000 this year on its spies. Europe's invisible army of 100,000 is expected to cost $50,000,000. The American Navy's ONI and the Army's G2 will require, computed salaries showed, a paltry $200,000.

COLUMNISTS' VIEWS: How Political Experts of the Press See the Candidates

Mark Sullivan, New York Herald Tribune Syndicate, in seventy-five newspapers: "So far as the campaign is to be a duel of personalities, the two candidates fight with equipment so different that it is almost impossible to compare them. They can only be contrasted. Against Mr. Roosevelt's colorful personality, Governor Landon has a simple one. Against Mr. Roosevelt's high spirits and gaiety and zest, Governor Landon has seriousness. Against Mr. Roosevelt's agility, Governor Landon has sure-footedness. Against Mr. Roosevelt's skill in using words for charm and allurement, Governor Landon's words have directness and simplicity."

Heywood Broun, United Features Syndicate, Inc., in thirty-six newspapers: "Even before the beginning of the present political campaign I was never moved much to follow any leader who was presented as 'a man of plain common sense.' Rather I have thought to myself, 'Is he really as bad as all that?' and moved over to the other side. Plain common sense, if defined in any reasonable way, means a combination of the prejudices, fallacies, emotional limitations and hunches by which you and I and the other fellow manage to eke out existence. We have lived largely by this rule of thumb, and are we downhearted? We certainly should be. Plain common sense has taken us into one great war and might very well involve us in another. It has not even begun to solve the problem of poverty, but . . . has increased the sum of misery and mass unemployment."

Westbrook Pegler, United Features Syndicate, Inc., fifty-nine newspapers: "Unknown to Mr. Roosevelt, who would feel low in his mind if he ever learned the truth, Mr. Farley has recommended many men for public office solely on their political qualifications and induced the President to approve their appointment in the honest belief that they were patriots of exceptional ability. He has even appointed men to certain new jobs for which no apparent excuse existed, representing to Mr. Roosevelt that these tasks were absolutely imperative. . . . When Mr. Farley goes to Mr. Roosevelt and tells him the country needs an expert scrap-book keeper to cut out newspaper clippings and paste them up and that he can get an ideal man for the work at $6,000 a year, Mr. Roosevelt looks into Mr. Farley's open, beaming countenance, which masks the cunning of his soul, and takes his word for it, never inquiring whether the appointee is a deserving Democrat or whether they could get the same work done by one of the Negro reception messengers in his spare time."

Jay Franklin, Des Moines Register and Tribune Syndicate: "Low-down rumors along Broadway suggest that the long-suffering theater public is about to be given a release from gangsters, share-croppers, lynchers and sex on the half-shell, in a return to the 'dear old farm.' All this in sympathy for the Landon-for-President fad among the richer Republicans of the metropolis. You know—'Oh how I wish again that I was in Michigan'—'Giddyyap, Napoleon, it looks like rain'—'Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking'— Chorus of nimble milkmaids (given to sudden high kicking) and straw-hatted hired men waving corn-tassels, while the tenor tells about his little gray home in the west or threatens to hitch old Dobbin to the shay. This mood of exaggerated rustic sentiment—to those who have studied history—recalls the mood before a certain great revolution, when a queen ran a model farm at Petit Trianon and deigned to milk cows much as her courtiers deigned to milk the long suffering French peasants. Afterward came the guillotine and the Terror."

RECOVERY PENSIONS: Townsend, Smith and Coughlin at Cleveland Old Age Convention

Hotels, restaurants, theaters and bars collected $1,000,000 from Republican delegates at Cleveland. But coins from Townsendite pockets and purses last week made but a thin silver shower.

Three-fourths of the 11,000 delegates to the second annual convention of Old Age Revolving Pensions, Ltd., were over sixty years of age. Many had fallen back on the savings of a year to get to Cleveland to cheer lustily any steps which might be taken toward the attainment of their $200 monthly old-age pensions. From dusty buses, day-coaches and autos, they headed directly for one-dollar lodging houses and roadside tourist camps. For relaxation between sessions they went to movies or visited the Great Lakes Exposition.

Amidst a flow of oratory that moved the gray-haired delegates to continuous shrieking, some actual business was transacted in the convention hall. The leaders changed

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the name of their organization to the Townsend Recovery Plan, hoping thus to broaden their appeal. They submitted to the delegates a twenty-second amendment to the Constitution advocating the $200 monthly pension for every American sixty years of age or older.

Cheers and Boos—A dozen rousing speeches brought the shirt-sleeved and gingham-clad followers of Doctor Townsend to their feet. First they cheered a forty-minute attack on the Roosevelt Administration by the Rev. Charles E. Coughlin, leader of the National Union for Social Justice. Then they cheered just as loudly for a pro-Roosevelt spell-binder named Gomer Smith who denounced Father Coughlin for trying to sell the Townsendites "down the political river."

The delegates were left to decide for themselves how they would vote, but their leaders came out for the Coughlin-indorsed William Lemke.

After booing heartily a speech by Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate for President, in which he told the delegates that their "quack remedy" would never work, the Townsendites wound up their convention by hearing from the Union Party's candidate in person. After declaring that he stood "four-square" for the Townsend Plan, Lemke put in a bid for the support of the Share-Our-Wealth Clubs by lauding Huey P. Long as "the greatest Democrat this country has produced in the last twenty years."

On the day their Cleveland convention opened, Townsendites were confronted with a ninety-three-page blast from the Committee on Old Age Security of the Twentieth Century Fund, Inc., in New York. The Twentieth Century Fund, Inc., founded by Edward A. Filene, Boston merchant, charges that Townsend's two per cent. tax on all business transactions would provide barely enough to pay a $40-a-month pension. It declares further that the Townsend grants would reduce drastically the standard of living of ninety per cent. of U. S. citizens and that the administration of the Plan would cost $1,000,000,000 a year.

The press displayed no surprize at the decision of Smith and Townsend to unite with the Detroit priest behind the Lemke candidacy. "Thus are the principal elements of the lunatic fringe united," commented the New York *Herald Tribune*. "It is Mr. Roosevelt's misfortune that most of this fringe were formerly New Deal supporters."

The Twin Falls, Idaho, *News* suggested that out of the Townsend convention would come a system of old-age pensions but that the proposed twenty-second amendment "would have a better chance if the pension were cut to a figure comparable to the income of the average American family."

To which the *Townsend National Weekly* replies: "The Townsend Plan is designed to stop the menacing concentration of wealth by making distribution of purchasing power compulsory, instead of leaving it to the whim and caprice of the captains of finance and industry."

International

Dr. Francis E. Townsend and the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith: "My country 'tis of thee . . ."

PRESIDENTIAL NOMINEES WARMING UP

ROOSEVELT

"I haven't the faintest idea where I'm going, except that I'm heading eastward."

With this farewell to inquisitive reporters, President Roosevelt last week slipped into white slacks, faded blue sweater, battered sailor's hat, and dark glasses, and headed out to sea for a fortnight's cruising off the coasts of Maine and Nova Scotia.

The *Sewanna*, which the President chose for his two weeks of loafing, is a fifty-six-foot schooner owned by Harrison Tweed, New York lawyer. It contains a small stateroom, which was turned over to "Skipper" Roosevelt; a cabin which his sons James, John and Franklin, Jr., occupied; a galley and a forecastle.

Piped aboard with the President and his sons were sixteen bulky documents. Friends had thrust these into his hands to read "when you have nothing else to do," despite his avowal he would do nothing but fish, sleep and eat.

Accompanying Craft—The President's privacy did not extend far beyond the gunwhales of the *Sewanna*. Not far off the schooner's stern were his yacht, the *Potomac*, carrying a handful of White House secretaries; the *Hopkins*, a destroyer loaded with secret service men, and the *Liberty*, a special boat chartered by newspaper men.

Tho the President took his turn at the helm, stood watch and bronzed himself in the sun, he was in close touch with the affairs of state. The naval radio on the *Hopkins* brought news of the drought, official White House messages—and the announcement that his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt, had borne him his seventh grandson. A special radio button on the *Potomac* enabled him to open the Frontier Centennial at Fort Worth officially.

Shaft by Glass—While the President loafed, his campaign for reelection hit a bad snag. At the bicentennial celebration of the death of Patrick Henry, Virginia's caustic senior Senator, Carter Glass, leveled this broadside at the Administration:

"If Patrick Henry were living, could he be bamboozled by talk of public aid? . . . I wish he were living to-day. I wonder what he would think of the whims and vagaries in government?"

But there was good news to counteract the Glass onslaught—George L. Berry, President of labor's Non-Partizan League, announced that his organization would spend more than $200,000 to rally labor behind the President in November.

At the same time, Miss Lillian D. Wald, founder of the Henry Street Settlement, New York social welfare organization, declared that she would vote for Roosevelt because his program "is definitely for human conservation."

LANDON

Alf M. Landon continued last week in his rôle of the genial host, as statesmen, politicians and economists descended on Topeka to boost him into the political saddle.

John R. McCarl, former Comptroller General, passed an hour and a half with the Kansas Governor one afternoon, then issued a glowing "impression" of the candidate: "He impresses one as being sanely progressive, intent upon moving constantly forward, but always on a safe and sound basis—evolution, not revolution, and rehabilitation before reform."

Another visitor was George N. Peek, one-time Roosevelt adviser on trade and agriculture. After conferring with Landon on currency stabilization, foreign commerce and the farm problem, he said to reporters who asked him how he would vote in November: "I think that after he has spoken on some of these subjects . . . I'll be better able to say what I'm going to do."

Encouragement—Other anti-New Dealers were less evasive. Col. Henry L. Breckinridge, who had entered the Presidential primaries in Ohio, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland as a "constitutional Democrat" in opposition to President Roosevelt, flew out to Topeka from New York, had dinner with the Landons and announced bluntly: "I shall vote for Governor Landon and Colonel Knox."

Late in the week, Frank Knox breezed buoyantly into his team-mate's office to discuss the campaign battle. It was decided that the nominee for Vice President would turn his guns on the Administration when he swings through the Pacific Northwest early in August on his first speaking-tour. At the same time Landon will carry the fight forward on the Eastern front.

While his leaders made plans for action in the future, Republican Chairman John Hamilton continued his vigorous barnstorming tour. On a whirlwind, New Deal-whanging trip through New England he made a dozen speeches in seven days.

Accusing Chairman—He reached his climax at Boston where he produced a photostatic copy of a letter which he declared had been sent by Leslie A. Miller, Democratic Governor of Wyoming, to an applicant for a job in the CCC. The letter inquired, said Hamilton, what services and contributions the applicant had given to the Democrats.

As Landon aids bustled about Topeka whipping up enthusiasm for the Republican notification ceremonies, only one shadow loomed on the horizon. In New York last week, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University and hardy perennial of the Republican Party, denounced the Cleveland convention which nominated Alf M. Landon, as "the most reactionary in the Party's history."

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ELECTION BETS: Odds Set by New York Expert After Elaborate Surveys

From thousands of clubs, barber-shops and pool-rooms throughout the land, telegrams stream into the New York hotel-suite of Jack Doyle. The question, whatever the latest news angle may be, is always the same: What are the odds on the coming election?

"Eight to five on Roosevelt," Jack Doyle was wiring back recently. "Price probably holding for forty-eight hours."

Meanwhile, Dow Jones, ace reporters of the financial world, reported London wagering $600,000 to $500,000 on Roosevelt's reelection. Betters, professional ones, read the Dow Jones report, nodded wisely, and stuck to the odds set by the thick-set, soft-spoken New Yorker with the ruddy Irish face.

In order to understand the operation of election betting in America, it is necessary to know something about the man whose word is law above that of a Wall Street corporation.

Jack Doyle, "the squarest man who ever bet a million," holds forth in a simple, book-filled suite at the Park Central Hotel. He lives simply—no alcohol or Broadway night life; he dresses simply—no diamonds or gold chains decorating his conservatively tailored sack suits; his vices are rich desserts, books—good books, and golf.

At the distance of a mashie shot away from his widower's apartment, he runs a billiard-room. There he passes a good part of his time trying to convince his clientele it ought to be home reading "Personal History" or Granville Hicks's "John Reed." He is an intellectual in his approach toward the arts, a radical in his political beliefs, a sentimentalist in his love for his canary, Bibi, who answers Doyle's opera snatches with a special *leitmotif*, and he has a mathematical mind that many a banker might envy.

Constant Surveys—Jack Doyle's work is largely the conducting of a never-ending, private straw-poll among unbiased observers. He gets calls, telegrams and letters from hamlets not even listed in the atlases. Daily, he corresponds with and meets people of judgment from all parts of the country.

When he wires "suggesting" odds of, say, nine to five, he is not influenced by random Wall Street or politically inspired betting. That Dow Jones report of $600,000 to $500,000, for instance, could conceivably have been the operation of an American syndicate which shipped the money to England, then bet against its own money in order to establish election odds. It cost only two cables and established odds that interested persons wanted to see.

YEAR	CLOSING ODDS Winners' Names in Italics
1888	10 to 8 on Cleveland vs. *Harrison*
1892	10 to 9 on Harrison vs. *Cleveland*
1896	10 to 1 on *McKinley* vs. Bryan
1900	10 to 1 on *McKinley* vs. Bryan
1904	5 to 1 on *Roosevelt* vs. Parker
1908	7 to 1 on *Taft* vs. Bryan
1912	3 to 1 on *Wilson* vs. Taft 5 to 1 on *Wilson* vs. Roosevelt
1916	10 to 8 on Hughes vs. *Wilson*
1920	6 to 1 on *Harding* vs. Cox
1924	50 to 1 on *Coolidge* vs. Davis
1928	10 to 1 on *Hoover* vs. Smith
1932	5 to 1 on *Roosevelt* vs. Hoover

Acme

Jack Doyle, "the squarest man who ever bet a million," quotes odds for the nation's betters

Jack Doyle gives mathematical odds as the country at large sees them. Sometimes these odds are on the wrong side, and when they are, they cost the betting mathematician money. But very seldom. Since the McKinley-Bryan election in 1896, Doyle's election betting odds have failed only once to predetermine the Presidency.

That time was the Wilson-Hughes bout of 1916, when the odds closed at ten to eight in favor of Hughes. And the green light atop the Times Building did announce to waiting crowds that night that the victor was Hughes. But when the returns came in from California, a doubtful State, it was clear that Wilson had been elected.

Doyle had a presentiment that night, he recalls, a personal belief, regardless of odds, that Wilson would win. He placed his own bets that way (on Wilson) until final returns proved his hunch correct.

Skirting the Law—In New York State betting has been illegal for years. The Roosevelt-created SEC (Securities and Exchange Commission) forbids brokers to place wagers even in their own offices. The law has changed the form of procedure.

If a bet is made in a broker's office it is advertised by a "whispered" announcement that So-and-So has money to lay at eight to five on a certain candidate. This word circulates "privately." Whether or not the broker covers part of it himself, he usually represents himself as a "commission agent" taking a cut from the winner.

Professional "bookies" give an "exchange receipt" as security. This stipulates that in the event of a certain candidate's being elected President, a named bank or broker will pay So-and-So a given sum of money. The word bet is carefully avoided.

Odds, like stock quotations, vary from day to day. A person handling more bets than he feels like covering may "lay off" part of his bet on another professional, just as insurance companies divide up heavy risks. Odds are determined with horse-trading shrewdness and are chiefly based on developments in the news of the day.

"Hedging" is a regular part of this "exchange business." Shrewd mathematicians bet at fluctuating odds for several months before an election. One day the odds may be ten to nine on *Doe;* the next day ten to nine on *Roe*. The smart speculator bets $900 against the favorite each day. He puts up a total of $1,800 on two opposing bets—and gets back $1,900 whichever candidate wins.

Bets Pooled—Jack Doyle plays his own money against the field, backing his own judgment on what odds are mathematically correct. The neighboring barber who takes your bet to-night may take a hundred like it and send the total through to Doyle, who also gets a good share of the Wall Street betting. He occupies a novel position in the world of sports.

In his opinion, this year's election will witness more than the usual number of freak bets between individuals and groups. In 1900, losers shaved off luxuriant whiskers, painted their faces, worked as waiters or pushed peanuts up-hill with their noses.

During the 1932 campaign two Greensboro, Georgia, men, Cary Williams and J. B. Winslett, wired Henry Ford offering to stake a 201-acre farm against a Ford V-8 that Roosevelt would win. They said that in 1919 the farm had been worth $10,000 and that, in the event of Mr. Hoover's reelection, they would lose the farm anyway and preferred to have Mr. Ford own it instead of the sheriff.

"Election betting of late years has been too tame," Doyle complains, adding the hope that interest this year will approach the peak reached in 1916, when Wilson and Hughes were the campaigners.

No Takers—This year, New Deal enthusiasts have also been grumbling that the betting is a tame affair.

Among prominent Democrats who complained that they could not find any Landon money was former Ambassador James W. Gerard. The New York *Daily News* quoted the Chairman of Finances of the Democratic Party as saying that he posted $20,000 with his brokers at 2 to 1 on Roosevelt, just before he sailed on the *Rex* for Cap d'Antibes on the French Riviera.

"I'm so confident of Roosevelt's victory," the former envoy to Berlin was quoted, "but there have not been any takers."

The Daily News itself, organ of Capt. Joseph Medill Patterson, among the most ardent of the New Deal supporters, has been conducting a noisy hunt for Landon money at 5 to 8 against the Kansan, through one of its staff writers using the pseudonym "Bettor." The writer maintains that there is no cash to be had in Wall Street at these odds. However, at the conclusion of one week of daily challenges to all comers, "Bettor" withdrew his offer.

HEAT AND GOLD: "Death Valley Scotty" Rejoices in Having Lots of Both

"Death Valley Scotty," hardy perennial of page one for more than thirty years, bloomed again last week and gave joy to the legion of readers who have followed his fabulous, money-spending career.

Once again, as so often during the last three decades, speculation arose as to

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Wide World

Underwood

"Death Valley Scotty": more interested in his new string of fifteen mules than in his $2,000,000 "shack" in California

where this bronzed and picturesque, loquacious yet mysterious man of the desert gets the money that has enabled him to startle the country with his extravagant antics.

"I've got $700,000 in gold in the rock," he said, repeating the old story of a mysterious gold-mine to the Los Angeles correspondent of the Associated Press. But he wanted to talk about the string of fifteen mules he had bought during his latest visit. "I bet there ain't another mule in the world like my new pal Barnum," he said. "He's a big bay, 15.2 hands high. He'll make a great saddle mule for me."

From Los Angeles, where the heat was above 100, he would be glad to get back to Death Valley, where 135 degrees in the shade is common, so he could take his coat and shirt off.

The place he was heading for was his $2,000,000 castle built in Grapevine Canyon in the scorching, lifeless wastes of Death Valley.

The castle, or "shack," as he calls it, required five years to build. Like "Scotty's" gold-mine, it caught—and has held—the public imagination.

Comprising a group of nine towered Moorish-Spanish structures, connected by underground passages, the castle is said to be the most elaborate private building in the West except for William Randolph Hearst's home at San Simeon, California. All the material for it had to be hauled 100 miles.

It has three-foot concrete walls insulated against the terrific desert heat, a $50,000 pipe-organ, a waterfall in the enormous living-room, a $185,000 room for "Scotty," a swimming pool and huge ornamented gates.

"Scotty" lives there with a cook and a caretaker—an elderly Armenian and a Canadian ex-machine-gunner. From time to time he has employed a number of Indians. For three years he closed the castle to visitors, since tourists are getting "bothersome." Last fall, however, he reopened it, for he admits he gets lonesome in the desert, and likes to spin tall tales about himself.

The rival of "Scotty's" showplace home—Hearst's at San Simeon—is assessed at $1,333,000, and expenditures on it are estimated at $15,000,000. It has an outdoor swimming pool large enough for small sailboats, an indoor pool with warmed seawater, several motion-picture theaters, innumerable tennis-courts.

Long before he built the castle, however, "Scotty" had become famous. Born in Covington, Kentucky, about sixty years ago, he went to Northern Nevada in early childhood and at twelve got his first glimpse of Death Valley, while herding cattle. For twelve years he toured the world as a daredevil rider with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show.

Back in the United States, he headed for Death Valley again.

It was in 1905 that he startled the country with the first of his money-spending escapades. Driving a pack-mule into Barstow, on the fringe of the desert, he demanded a special train to Los Angeles, and shoved a pile of bills through the ticket window. In Los Angeles he tipped bellboys with halves of $50 bills, then bought back the halves for $20 each. He hired a special train for a rush trip to Chicago, rode in the locomotive cab as it hit 106 miles an hour. In New York he drove through the streets in a buckboard, scattering gold coins from a keg between his knees.

While "Scotty" boasted of a mysterious gold-mine that made all this possible, desert rats scoffed that he never had swung a pick in his life. But gold-hungry men believed him, tried many times to trail him to his mine. He always eluded them in the desert.

In 1930 he sprang another sensation, this time by announcing that he was "broke," that his mine was a myth, that all his bankrolls had come from his old friend, A. M. Johnson, Chicago insurance man, who had backed him in building the castle and all his other ventures. Again the head-lines boomed.

How had it happened? Bad stock deals. What had he left? Not even a share in his castle. What were his plans? Well, he didn't know about that—movies, maybe. All the time he was waving his traditional horse-choking roll of $20,000. But the papers saw a good story, and whooped it up.

A few days later, satisfied with the new publicity, "Scotty" declared his latest story was a hoax—the mystery was right back where it had been. He had got the idea from a play he saw in Chicago—rich man goes "broke"—and decided to cash in on it.

Last week Warren A. Scott, his older brother, laughed at "Scotty's" latest news outbreak. While "Scotty" tosses money about, Warren is living in Reno in a six-by-nine shack with a dingy window and a coal-oil stove. On the relief-rolls, he earns $44 a month for screening sand on a WPA project. He said:

"'Scotty' never in God's world had a mine. He and Johnson decided to build the castle and spend money because of the income tax.

"He is a pretty clever man and you gotta hand it to him for keeping his information under cover."

SCARE OR HOAX? Prophetstown Boom Follows Blackmail Letter; Fooling the People

"I told the merchants of Prophetstown I wouldn't give any threatening letter-writer one damn cent," snorted Mayor George S. Brydia. "I don't believe it's a real extortionist anyhow. Some one is just trying to scare us into paying him some easy money."

When the grocer-mayor of this 1,500-person Illinois village received a letter demanding $1,000, else the town's business district would be destroyed, he was perplexed. Nothing like this had ever happened during the twenty-four years he had been in office. So he trudged his 190-pound frame around to the town's fifty business men and asked for suggestions. Once a site in the bloody Black Hawk War with the Indians, Prophetstown's importance of late has rested largely on its lawn-mower factory. Now the town was emerging from obscurity.

Defiance—Bristling with indecision, Mayor Brydia finally defied the sender of the letter. He would meet the man with a brick in a shoe-box instead of cash. But less hardy citizens grew jittery, taking out insurance policies with special clauses to cover damage by explosion. And the police force of two was augmented by an extra deputy.

Courageously, His Honor went to the

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prearranged rendezvous, seventy-five miles away, at the Rockford Public Library located in the civic park. Anxious spectators lined the driveways and eight detectives hid in the shrubbery. On arriving, albeit an hour late, Brydia found the Library closed. "Due to the heat," the librarian later announced. But still no extortionist appeared to claim the cardboard-enclosed brick.

Cheerfully turning homeward, the Mayor found the road to Prophetstown congested. Several thousand curious sightseers were en route; business had tripled with cash tills zipping so speedily that the merchants had little time to think of the recent threats.

Two days later, normal life was resumed in the village and rumors circulated that the letter might have been a publicity stunt. These, the Mayor denied: "I believe the threat to be absolutely genuine. We got a lot of nice publicity out of this thing and we are thankful to the newspapers for boosting our little town. However, we don't want to receive any more notes of that kind."

No evidence appeared to dispute the Mayor's contentions, yet some persons believed he might have been the victim of a hoax and recalled a number of such incidents in the past.

Famous Hoaxes—One which made the world laugh in 1906 was the "Captain Copenick" episode. The son of a shoemaker, dressed in a captain's uniform and bearing a forged order, took command of a detachment of soldiers in Berlin. Leading them to the little Prussian town of Copenick, ten miles distant, he arrested the burgomaster and treasurer and took possession of $12,000. Part of the troop he left holding the Town Hall as he sent the "prisoners" to Berlin and vanished with the money. He was arrested a week later, by which time the name of Copenick was a household word.

Two famous hoaxes appeared in early issues of the New York *Sun*. In 1835 Richard Adams Locke wrote a series of stories about the supposed astrological discoveries of an astronomer operating near Cape Town. These included revelations of life on the moon and the peculiar carryings-on of near-bisons, unicorn-goats, beavers which built fires in their huts and semihuman creatures classified as man-bats.

Poe's Tale—Nine years later Edgar Allan Poe wrote glowing accounts of a balloon which was supposed to have landed in South Carolina with eight passengers after having crossed the Atlantic.

For more than a hundred years the hoax of Kaspar Hauser, "the Orphan of Nurnberg" has mystified historians and writers. Whence he came, how he lived, and how he died has been disputed in more than 1,000 volumes. He had appeared at the gates of the city at sixteen years of age, an orphan. Nothing could be discovered of his background or upbringing, yet his claims about himself were obviously preposterous. The Burgomaster became intrigued by his mysterious case and sponsored him. Then he became the principal topic of conversation in the city.

Doctors came from far to examine him. The legends about Kasper continued until his mysterious death at twenty-one.

In 1932, on the centenary of his death, a celebration was held in his honor at Nurnberg. Speeches were made and his personal effects as well as the conflicting books about him were on exhibition.

Topics in Brief

GOD help the rich; the poor can sleep on the fire escape.—*Chicago Tribune.*

CINEMA'S star 1935 actress is on strike. Producers think she has turned out a bad Bette.—*Dallas News.*

A NEW third party has been formed. They usually finish in that order.—*Omaha Morning World-Herald.*

YOU can put most anything into an old-fashioned bathing-suit except a modern girl.—*Nashville Banner.*

IT'S against the law in Germany to listen to some radio programs. So they have an amateur hour over there, too.—*Atlanta Georgian.*

WHY shouldn't Landon use the old Democratic platform? A deserted ship belongs to anybody who takes it.—*St. Louis Star-Times.*

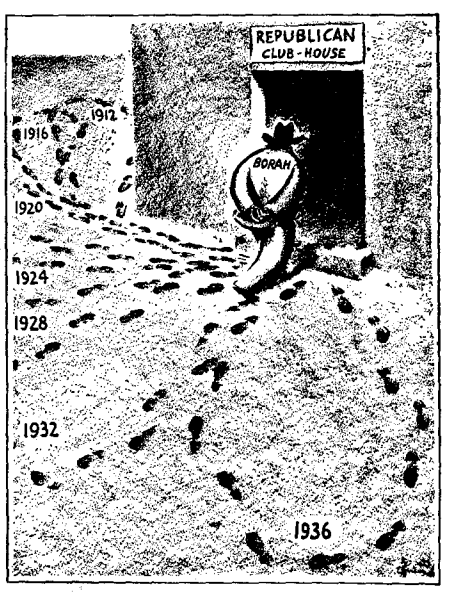
ANOTHER thing that helps to keep this country in a turmoil is the peculiar attraction that strong lungs have for weak heads. —*Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

YOUTH will be served. The Dionne quintuplets learned to take a walk before Messrs. Smith, Colby, Ely, Reed and Cohalan.—*Hartford Courant.*

THE sands of a Florida island have given up skeletons eight feet tall—evidently those of front-row occupants at prehistoric movie houses.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

PARISIAN film critics have adopted the Americanism, "le sex appeal." La Belle France has always possessed it, but never knew what it was.—*Detroit News.*

WE note that the French suffragettes are using feather-dusters in their campaign. They ought to be successful. Look what Sally Rand did with hers.—*Clyde Moore in Ohio State Journal.*



MORE "FOOTPRINTS ON THE SANDS OF TIME"

—Milwaukee Journal

A NEW DEALER is the fellow who thinks that even if justice is blind, nine of 'em ought not to be dumb.—*Dallas Morning News.*

TRAINING the baby as the book advises is a good idea. All you need is a different book for each baby. — *St. Louis Star-Times.*

THE modern girl wouldn't have nicotine stains on her fingers if she would help her mother with the dishes. — *Greensboro (Ga.) Herald-Journal.*

HAILE SELASSIE'S future course is said to be uncertain. However, he can tell the baccalaureate orator what lies beyond the Alps.—*Detroit News.*

CURRENT items say the political leaders are going forward with their platforms. Plank, plank, plank, the boys are marching!—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.*

GOVERNOR LANDON would have found making a mouse-trap much easier than balancing a budget, but he chose the harder job.—*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*

A NEWSPAPER is a business enterprise that prints for nothing the political speeches the radio gets paid for transmitting the night before. — *Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

WHAT to do with the League of Nations is the question now agitating European chancelleries. Why not give it to Haile Selassie, as a sort of consolation prize?—*Detroit Free Press.*

SENATOR BORAH'S proposed old-age pension of $60 a month will arouse no huzzahs among those accustomed to the luxury of figuring on $200 a month. — *Arkansas Gazette (Little Rock).*

VIENNA has censored the Charlie Chaplin film where he waves a red flag. We suppose it won't be long before Russia will take offense at Shirley Temple's going to Sunday school.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI is planning to send second-string opera companies to Ethiopia, but we can't say whether the idea is to make life pleasanter for the Ethiopians or for the people at home. — *Boston Herald.*

THERE is some worry over whether the radio transmission of a facsimile newspaper will injure the Fourth Estate; but we don't see why. Millions now are buying newspapers to find out what's on the air.—*Barron's.*

OUT in the drought area there must be dozens of superstitions. Prayer, incantations and lucky charms are indulged in; all are relics of the day when everybody depended directly upon the weather. Probably nothing has been invented to beat George Ade's rain-making recipe: Get all the farmers to shine their shoes.—*F. P. A. in New York Herald Tribune.*

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GAS MASKS FOR ALL IN THE NEXT WAR

Europe's Civilians Being Equipped for Air Raids on Great Cities

In 1925, the nations of the world signed a treaty which forever banned the use of poison gas in war-time.

This year, the nations of the world are feverishly preparing for an expected gas assault not only on armies, but on civilians *miles behind the lines* as well.

Horror-stricken people read daily of mysterious invisible substances, a few drops of which could bring instant death to a whole city. They know that military technicians, their own as well as others, are working hourly to find the "perfect gas." In their agony of fear, the people turn to their governments, and the governments respond by digging air-tight shelters and conducting gas-mask drills, teaching bewildered children and even animals to stumble about like grotesque gargoyles.

Last week, Britain raised the international hysteria to a new high. She announced that within two years she would provide gas-masks for the island's 40,000,000 men, women and children. As a small initial investment toward the gigantic cost, she demanded $4,250,000.

New Device—Meanwhile, British officials trotted out the "perfect respirator." Weighing only one and a half pounds, it is small enough to slip into a coat-pocket. Under government supervision, private English firms will turn out the head-pieces at a cost of two shillings (50 cents) apiece. They consist of chemically treated rubber, with glass goggles and a flexible tube which connects the mouth with the container. The masks will be made in three sizes—small, medium and large—and adjustable head-straps insure their fitting. The respirators will be stored in arsenals, issued before air raids.

The containers, consisting of charcoal and unrevealed chemicals, filter in life-giving air for six hours. Experts can change them in five seconds, tyros in ten. The new design eliminates the old painful nose-clip which *Tommies* used during the War.

Even babies will be protected in covered perambulators, into which masked *Nannies* can pump air, forcing it through filter cans. Researchers are also working on an infant's mask with a nipple attachment.

For months, Englishmen have been hardened to gas drills. Trucks loaded with tear gas were sent throughout the kingdom. Civilians practised donning the masks, then stepped into gas-chambers to see how they worked.

Siege Preparations — Meanwhile nervous housewives pored over "The Householder's Handbook" issued by the Air Raid Precautions Department, then pasted brown paper across the windows of a garden-room, stretched a blanket over the door, stuffed up the keyhole, and laid in a supply of canned foods. Officials prepared a motion-picture illustrating the job, to be shown in every cinema in the country.

The British were the first to plan a mask for every inhabitant. France planned to issue them only to soldiers, nurses and civilians mobilized for war duties. For the general public, the State provided underground shelters; at one Paris subway station, 8,000 can now find refuge.

Paris department stores, however, stocked masks this spring at prices ranging from $5.40 to $9. The demand remained low, altho it grew a little after Hitler remilitarized the Rhineland in March. Enterprising French designers tried to improve the hideous bulky protectors so they would match a woman's gowns. One manufacturer prepared a sort of suitcase where mothers could store their babies during raids. An inventor demonstrated a balloon-like, air-tight contraption he could crawl into during trouble.

In Berlin, the Nazi-sponsored Air Protection League this year rejected masks, which cost $6.40 there, as extravagant, contending they are quickly outmoded. It advised its 10,000,000 members to construct air-tight rooms in their cellars, while the Government built steel shelters at central points. Some Germans, however, bought miniature masks for their dogs.

Lloyd's of London quoted a rate of five shillings per £1,000 against an enemy air raid on London. They offered the same rate for New York and San Francisco, but the popular wave of fear failed to engulf the United States. New York department stores did not stock a single mask. They referred purchasers to Francis Bannerman & Sons, which quoted them at 50 cents and $1—the outworn relics of 1918! San Franciscans, often haunted by the invasion nightmare, could find masks only at equipment companies, and they were designed for mines, not war.

American Situation—Even the Army, which pays $11.50 for soldiers' khaki-colored protectors, buys none for civilians. If the need arose, however, American factories could turn out millions of $5 masks for home protection.

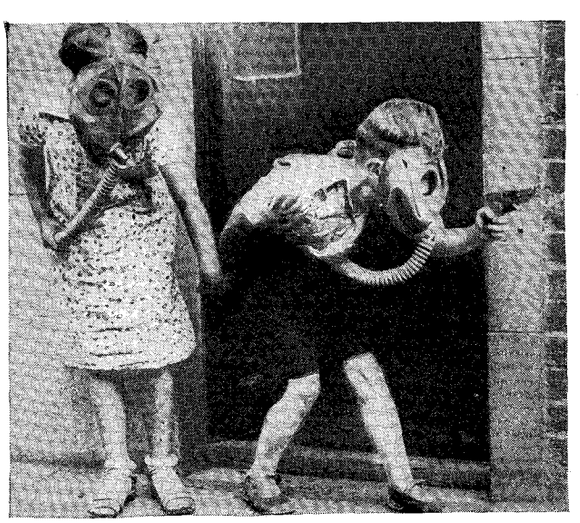
Masks now in use in most armies act as absolute safeguards against all the known agents of chemical warfare. "I want to say categorically a thing I know for a fact," Dr. H. D. Woodroffe told the British Medical Association's convention at Oxford last week. "Our British respirator will be a 100 per cent. protection against any gas that can be used in war-time."

Some of the poisons, such as blinding tear gas and arsenic compounds like adamsite, which force sneezing sufferers to tear off their respirators, have no lasting effects in themselves. But the greenish-yellow clouds of chlorin choke victims in a terrible slow suffocation; phosgene, often mixed with it, floods the lungs with blood. In their agony, dying Canadians at Vimy ripped their throats open with their own hands to get useless air.

Mustard gas is the worst of all. The "golden rain" Il Duce sprayed on Haile Selassie's unprotected subjects lingers long after all trace of it has passed, and burns deep wounds wherever it touches.

These are the chief known gases. As for the mysterious lethal drops, chemists insist they are non-existent, spawned by sensation-mongers.

War Experience—Indeed, experts assert that the popular fear of gas is based on hysterical misinformation. Even during the War, they argue, when 70,752 American soldiers were listed as gas casualties, only 200 died of it on the battle-fields, 1,221 in hospitals. Yet men packed in trenches a hundred feet from the enemy proved an ideal target. Army men insist gas would be useless against a family playing bridge on the sixth floor of an apartment building, because gas sinks, never rises. Aside from the still



Acme

Globe

England's children practise realism in their play . . . England's social leaders advocate preparedness

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unsolved technical question of an enemy's ability to concentrate gases on a large city, cost of the attempt would be prohibitive.

Thus, of 350,000 mustard gas casualties during the World War, only 2.5 per cent. died, at a cost of a ton and a half of gas a man. At that rate, to "wipe out" London's 8,203,942 men, women and children would require 12,305,913 tons sprayed from 6,000,000 planes!

Among the experts who scoff at the danger of gas attack is Dr. Francis A. Freeth, distinguished chief research chemist of Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd. A year ago, he advised a London audience to close the windows and put out fires in case of a raid. "You would be practically completely safe," he added cheerfully, "if you simply got into a hot bath, smoked a pipe and laughed."

British Liberals and Laborites stubbornly refuse to be frightened by the Government's war bogies. In boroughs ruled by Socialists, officials decline to cooperate with public drills and decontaminating squads. They believe the demands for gas masks and civilian training were merely a ruse to popularize the rearmament program, for which the country is pouring out the stupendous sum of $940,000,000 this year, shattering all peace-time records. Left-wingers would rather see the money spent on unemployment relief.

They taunt the Government with exaggerating the war danger. Will Thorne, Laborite, futilely called out in the House of Commons debate last week to know when the Cabinet expected its war.

Press Comment—The Liberal London *News Chronicle* protested that the masks would prove small protection against mustard gas, which burns through clothes, and other blistering gases. "They will be effective only against tear gas."

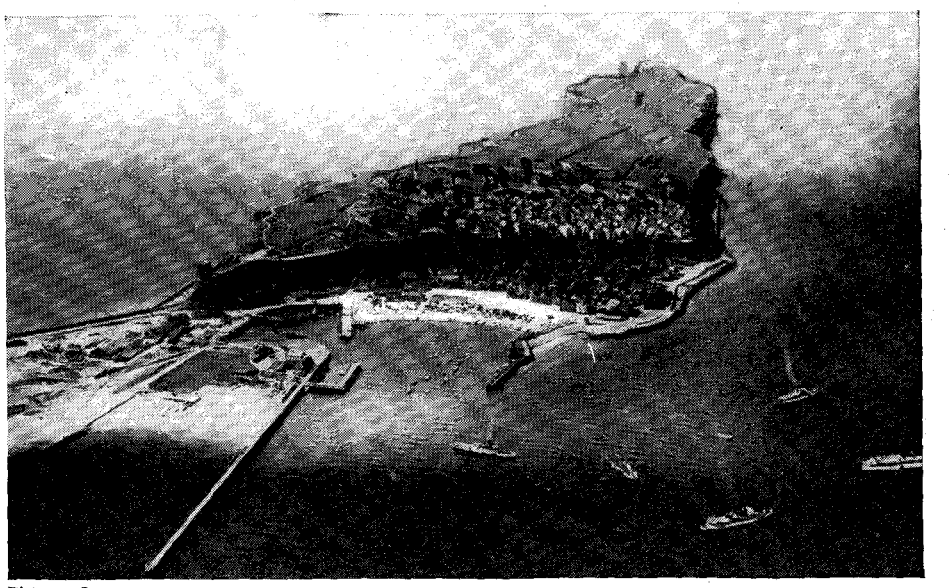
In New York *The Times* also regarded Britain's latest defense measure cynically. "An appropriation of £100,000,000 to provide a gas mask for every man, woman and child in Great Britain would be inadequate," it pointed out. "Add this to other even more staggering sums for military and naval preparation, and the utter financial hopelessness of defending a great nation becomes evident. . . . Even where dictators rule, public opinion can not be wholly ignored.

"So the British estimates, the Government pamphlets on gas attacks, the few underground shelters thus far provided, must be regarded as psychological sops rather than practical measures of defense against a weapon which undoubtedly has its dangers, but which is less terrible than a Big Bertha or a bomb charged with a ton of explosive."

The New York *Herald Tribune*, however, took the measure more seriously: "There are many arguments, of course, to prove that the air danger to civilian populations is grossly exaggerated; but then, nobody in 1913 had the faintest picture of the real horror which the World War was to bring, while governments seldom spend time and money on gross exaggerations. Nobody really knows.

"But history, technical advance, the processes of militant democracy and insane nationalism have already brought Europe to gas masks by the million and a kind of helpless resignation."

In London, *The Evening Star* voiced bitter objections. "If what the government spokesmen told us about the helplessness of London under air attack is true, then gas masks are so much waste of time and money," the Liberal daily proclaimed. "There is only one form of defense of which the Government could avail itself—to remove the civil population of London to the war area."



Pictures, Inc.

Helgoland, once a fortress, then a fishing village, is becoming a fortress again

SCRAP OF PAPER: Germany, Rearming Helgoland, Crumples More of Versailles Treaty

No such uproar as marked the marching of Hitler's troops into the Rhineland accompanied a similar "reassertion of German sovereignty" over the Island of Helgoland and eight other islands supposedly demilitarized forever under the same ill-omened document.

Probably because fiery Anthony Eden was absent because of illness, the announcement of the rearming of the one mile-by-three rock once called "a pistol pointed at Britain's heart" caused hardly a murmur in the House of Commons last week.

"The fortifications, military establishments and harbors of the Island of Helgoland . . . shall be destroyed (they were, under the eyes of British officers) . . . by German labor and at the expense of Germany," reads Article 115 of the Treaty of Versailles. "These fortifications shall not be reconstructed, nor shall any similar works be constructed in future."

Infraction Record—The Treaty said that Germany should have no troops in the Rhineland. On March 7 of this year, they marched in.

The Treaty said that Germany should never have a conscript army. On March 16, conscription was announced by Chancellor Hitler.

It said that Germany should have no military aviation. She has it.

It said that the Great German General Staff should be abolished. It was never disbanded.

Violation of the Versailles Treaty began, in fact, a week before it was signed.

The German fleet lay, under the terms of the Armistice, interned at Scapa Flow off the Orkney Islands. Article 185, in the hands of the German Government but not to be signed until June 28, 1919, stipulated that:

"Within two months . . . German surface war-ships enumerated below will be surrendered . . ."

On June 20, the officers and crews on board scuttled nine dreadnoughts, five battle-cruisers, seven light cruisers and fifty destroyers, a total of 410,000 tons.

First important violation after the signing was the refusal to surrender, as provided in Article 228, "all persons accused of having committed an act in violation of the laws and customs of war," for trial by the Allies.

Ignored Provision—The article providing for the surrender and trial of the Kaiser, who, Lloyd George roared, should "hang as high as Haman," was never tested.

Article 181 specified that Germany shall have no submarines. British observers flying over a German naval review last week, offered, quixotically, to step back from the windows of the air-ship in which they were guests, that they might not be suspected of counting the submarines below. German officers politely told them not to bother.

Reparations, from the beginning a cause of permanent dispute, dragged through the occupation of the Ruhr by the French (forcible collection), through the Dawes Plan and the Young Plan (successive scalings downward), to their cessation after the Hoover moratorium on international payments proposed June 20, 1930. Payments have never been resumed.

Surviving fragments of the treaty awaiting Hitler's pleasure are those depriving Germany of her Colonies; of Danzig, made a Free City; of the "Corridor," ceded to Poland as an exit to the sea; of Upper Silesia, divided with Poland after a plebiscite; of a strip containing 3,000,000 Germans allotted to Czechoslovakia; of Eupen and Malmedy, given to Belgium, and of Upper Schleswig, divided, after a plebiscite, with Denmark.

Alsace-Lorraine, restored to France, Hitler has formally renounced; but of the rest he has written in "Mein Kampf" (My Struggle) that "demanding merely the boundaries of 1914 is nonsense. They are large enough neither to hold all the people of German blood, nor to permit of their geographical-military exploitation."

Helgoland, only 200 years ago, was five times its present size. For centuries in

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In Spain, some Royalists are arrested . . . one of them, José Calvo Sotelo (right), was shot

ancient times, it was a battle-ground for Vikings and other raiding sea-rovers. Early in the seventeenth century it became a Danish possession; and in 1807 it was occupied by the British, to whom, in 1814, Denmark formally surrenderd it.

In 1890 Britain made what her statesmen thought was a good bargain, ceding Helgoland in return for German recognition of a British protectorate over Zanzibar, another island of 640 square miles away off around Africa off the coast of Tanganyika.

British opinion thought of Helgoland then only as a bit of crumbling rock destined soon to disappear; and was indignant when Germany spent $30,000,000 on concrete to stop the wear and tear of the sea, and $8,000,000 on breakwaters, as well as an unknown sum planting on the island's top eight twelve-inch guns, and a battery of eleven-inch howitzers.

Helgoland became "the Gibraltar of the North Sea." Tho it was not particularly effective during the last war, it is expected that with the fortification of Borkum, Memmert Sand, Juist, Busch Sand, Scharnborn, Wangerood, Sylt (the late Gustav Stresemann's hideaway), and Nordeney, it will prevent any close blockade of Germany's coast.

German optimists believe also that, once the fortification of the islands is complete, well-laid mine-fields and a few submarines can keep an enemy far enough from the coast to give the German fleet freedom of movement all over the North Sea, totally altering the naval aspects of the next war. In the World War, it will be remembered, Germany's High Seas Fleet lay, most of the time, bottled up in the Kiel Canal.

MURDER IN SPAIN: Monarchist Leader's Death by Bayonets Is Retaliation Deed

Hurtling stones and cries of "Down with Parliament" disturbed the calm of classic Almudena Cemetery in Madrid July 14 as hundreds of mourners piously listened to a priest intoning the ritual prayer over a freshly dug grave ringed about by a huge cordon of Assault Guards, Spanish shock police.

Suddenly the showers of stones grew thicker, and panic-stricken mourners forgot their grief and joined black-veiled women in a stampede for shelter, while Guards dispersed the disturbers.

Chief target of the agitators were members of the Cortes (Parliament) attending the solemn funeral of their colleague, José Calvo Sotelo, Monarchist leader and former Finance Minister, who had been murdered the day before by the assassins "dressed as Assault Guards."

Killings—Outside the cemetery, mounted Guards charged into Fascists, members of the *Falanga Española* (Spanish Phalanx), killing two of them and fatally wounding a Syndicalist workman.

Alarmed over the disturbance, Premier Santiago Casares Quiroga that same night issued a decree proroguing the Cortes for eight days, suspending Conservative and Royalist newspapers and closing their party headquarters.

Gestures of Support—On the other side of the political fence, however, the Leftist ranks of Socialists and Communists hastily sent their leaders to President Manuel Azaña, assuring him that the masses were ready to spring to the defense of the Popular Front, a coalition of Center and extremist forces which had brought his Government to power.

Calvo Sotelo's tragic end came when several "Assault Guards" forced him to leave his bed at 3 o'clock in the morning, slashed his body with their bayonets and, firing a bullet into his eye, dumped him into the East Cemetery. They curtly told the keeper that he was a *sereno* (watchman) they had found in the street. They wreaked their grim vengeance six hours after a young Assault Guard lieutenant, José Castillo, was assassinated. His comrades suspected Fascists.

Unable to pin the deed down to a prominent member of the Spanish Phalanx, they did away with the royalist chieftain because of his repeated avowals of sympathy for its cause and his bitter antagonism to Radical ideas.

Immediately the Government promised an investigation and arrested seventeen Assault Guardsmen, self-confessed members of the Union of Militant anti-Fascists, who were said to have been planning the murder for two months.

Leftist Deputies, while deprecating the deed, openly declared that Calvo Sotelo was "the leader of the Fascist movement in Spain," asserting that the ostensible head of the Phalanx, José Antonio Primo de Rivera, was too hot-headed and irresponsible to cement the Conservative forces without the aid of a real brain. To sustain their suspicion, they cited that the murdered man was Minister in the Cabinet of the late dictator, Primo de Rivera, whose son now directs the Fascist Party from his prison.

An inveterate enemy of radical trends, dark, sharp-tongued Calvo Sotelo only two days before had openly declared in the Cortes that he might be called a Fascist, "if being a Fascist means being against anarchy and disorder and being in favor of one's own country."

Fighting leader of the *Renovacion Española*, a strongly Catholic monarchist party, he lately headed the National Bloc, cementing the other Monarchist groups who accept the Republic and a modicum of social reforms, but stanchly oppose the Communist leanings of the Popular Front. With José Maria Gil Robles, leader of the Catholic Party, he cooperated to checkmate Parliament's concessions to the Azaña régime, which they nevertheless support because they fear the certain triumph of the Left Wing under the leadership of ultraradical Francisco Largo Caballero and the moderate Indalecio Prieto, chieftains of the Socialist Party.

While the monarchist chief was not politically identified with the Fascists of de Rivera, he had been known to defend them in the Cortes. Together with Gil Robles, he led the Right Opposition to Quiroga's Cabinet, made up of Left Republicans.

So greatly was his loss felt by the monarchists that one of their leading Deputies, Count Valle Llano, immediately announced they would withdraw from the Cortes, leaving Azaña's Popular Front Government at the mercy of Communists and anarchists who clamor for outright revolutionary reforms and a soviet republic.

Newspapers Speak Up—Sharply splitting on the significance of the murder, Spain's press was bitter.

"We have reached the point where execration of crime or prosecution of punishment is insufficient," protested the Right Republican newspaper, *Ahora*. *El Socialista*, party organ of the Socialists, was

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regretful, saying that "Socialists condemn personal violence."

"The shooting is no reaction against the Republic," circumspectly declared the Left-wing daily, *El Liberal* of Madrid, where the censorship prevented the Rightist press from commenting, as the Government was aware that royalists had received private information of the revolt among troops stationed in the Canary Islands and Spanish Morocco, centering mostly at Tetuan and Ceuta, seaports facing Gibraltar.

Official Statement—Presaging ominous happenings unrevealed to Madrid's gaping public, the fall of Quiroga's Cabinet was followed by a government *communiqué* saying that its forces had put down a rebellious movement in Seville and declaring that the rest of Spain "continues faithful."

Ruthlessly, government planes dashed across the narrow strip of the Mediterranean and showered destruction on rebel centers, while its Storm Guards ousted rebels from buildings in the Andalusian towns of Cadiz and Malaga, Spain's most important southern ports.

While in the Canary Islands, the Governor wired that he and the Civil Guards were besieged by rebel forces who surrounded his palace. The workers there staged a walkout and prepared to fight the mutineers in support of the Azaña régime. In Madrid, likewise, the Socialist Party broadcast orders to all its workers not to leave the city on Sunday.

News Blockade—Confused, contradictory, the scrappy reports relayed through Paris defied the strict censorship clamped on the Spanish press. Lisbon despatches indicated that rebel troops were in absolute control throughout Spanish Morocco. Lisbon's Radio Club received persistent broadcasts from Seville's rebel-controlled radio station, flashing: "The rebellion is triumphant throughout Morocco. . . . Moroccan troops are marching on Seville to join the forces of revolt, the advance guards of which have already reached the city."

While the frontiers to Spanish Morocco were closed to outsiders, officers stationed there openly indicated that their movement was "backed by Fascists" and that two battalions of the Spanish Legion were preparing to embark for Malaga. Reports, however, persisted that rebel troops had crossed the straits and seized Algeciras and La Linea, where Leftists barricaded themselves and fought off the Moors and disloyal troops.

HEIR TO PILSUDSKI: Pupil of Poland's Great Marshal to Carry On as Army Chief

Death ended Marshal Joseph Pilsudski's "dictatorship by proxy" a little more than a year ago, but his wraith as "Father of Modern Poland" still hovers over his countrymen.

A power behind the throne, the aged, rough-riding soldier dominated his country's policies and, knowing his compatriots idolized him, he felt free to designate a "successor" to his rule, secure in the knowledge that his wishes would be obeyed.

Last week, Premier Felicien Slawoj-Skladowski officially told the nation that General Edward Rydz-Smigly, fifty-year-old Inspector-General of the Polish Army, was stepping into the late Marshal's shoes as the country's political leader. Ministers were likewise enjoined to conform with President Ignaz Moscicki's wish that the tall, bemedaled war hero be treated as the first personage next to himself.

Army Organizer—Forty years ago, while an art student at the Cracow Art School, Rydz-Smigly met the embattled Marshal and fell for his Socialistic views, later becoming his ardent follower, right-hand man and closest friend.

Placing his hope of piloting Poland's destiny in his pupil, the old Marshal, a few hours before his death on May 12 last year, expressed his last wish that Rydz-Smigly be appointed to the highest post in the Army and be made its commander-in-chief in case of war.

Sorely hit by the world-wide depression and flanked by Communist danger on the east and Nazi agitation on the west, Poles piously honored their idol's final wishes and turned to Rydz-Smigly as the Army's hero and the man to stabilize their hard-pressed Government.

Calm, short-spoken, General Rydz-Smigly moves behind the scenes and only makes his voice heard when trouble crops up. Altho his closest advisers are known for their radical leanings, he himself is deeply rooted in Poland's old feudal and individualistic traditions, befriending the industrial and land-owning classes. A great nationalist, he recently declared, "Not a button of Poland's coat shall be touched."

SOLDIER KING: War Career of Edward VIII Recalled in Vimy Ridge Program

Ten days after a would-be assassin had leveled a gun at him in London, King Edward VIII was scheduled to return to the Western Front, where, as a gangling, boyish staff captain, he narrowly missed death from a shell that wrecked his car and killed his chauffeur.

Few in Britain knew, at the time, of his repeated pleas to be allowed to forget his rank, lead the men over the top and, if fate so willed it, die for King and Country. Only his mother shuddered when, in Victoria Station, an eye-witness described the bombing of a village, the German plane overhead, the Prince, steel helmet hard down, racing down a road and diving into the cellar of the ruined post-office to escape the bombs.

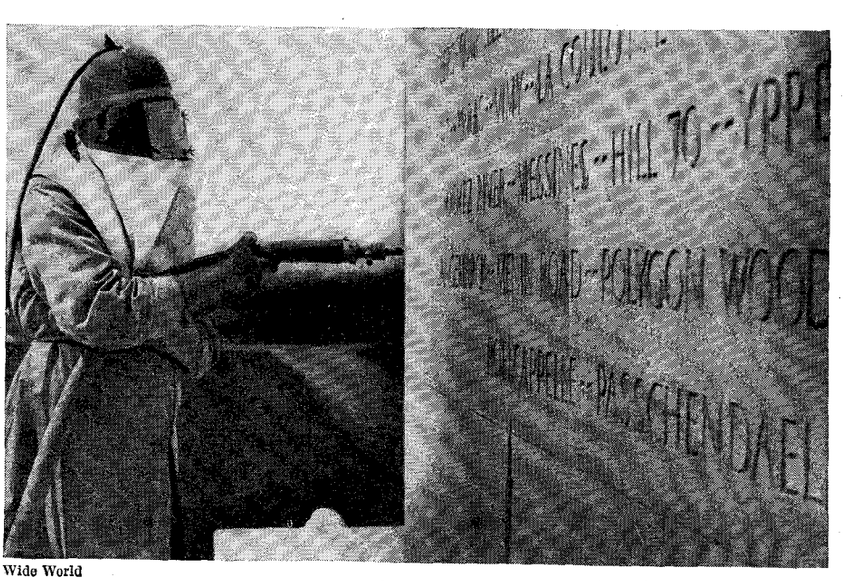
On Sunday, July 26, 1936, Edward VIII, flanked by President Albert Lebrun of France, is expected to tear aside a veil, revealing the principal inscription of a war memorial at Vimy Ridge.

With more than 6,000 Canadian War veterans, he is to stand on Canadian soil—240 acres of blood-soaked earth, presented to the Canadian Government by France.

Historic Battle—Nineteen years ago, on the frosty morning of April 9, 1917, 75,000 Canadians lay huddled in shell-torn dugouts, crouched in mud-filled trenches and craters, nervously awaiting zero hour. The thundering roar of a thousand cannons, blasting a path through the lines of Bavarian Crown Prince Rupprecht's army, suddenly ceased. Hearts beat faster. At the stroke of 5:30, the command, "Let's go," sped from mouth to mouth. Four divisions rose to their feet.

Fifteen minutes later, Tarbus Wood had been cleared of the enemy. It was a man-to-man fight. Tanks were useless—they remained stuck fast in the deep mud. Slowly the Germans were driven back. A commanding hillock, the "Pimple," was taken. Hardly had the Canadians passed it, when German soldiers crept out of hidden tunnels, honeycombing the hillock, and attacked the Canadians from the rear. The whole Seventy-eighth Regiment was wiped out. New troops were thrown in. And when the sun slowly set that day, casting its last rays over the bodies of thousands of Canadians, the British flag, torn and tattered, fluttered over Vimy Ridge.

Nineteen years have changed that battlefield. Where screaming projectiles once caused the earth to quake, rolling green fields, dotted with newly planted trees, will greet the eyes of the 250,000 who will participate in next week's pilgrimage to Northern France. And at the juncture where the Third and Fourth Divisions of the Canadian Army set out on their attack that drove the Germans from their stronghold, a mighty monument has been erected,



Wide World

With the carving of the last names, the Vimy Ridge Memorial is completed

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commemorating the death of 11,258 Canadians whose graves are not known but whose names the monument now bears.

The greatest peace-time army ever to set forth boarded five ocean-liners in Canada last week. As the ships passed the British Coast, two destroyers sped out to escort the convoy to its destination. The Governments of France, Great Britain, Belgium and Canada have joined in organizing the pilgrimage, carried out under the auspices of the Canadian Legion.

King's Tribute—For the first time as Edward VIII, the British Monarch leaves the boundaries of his Empire, to journey to the battle-field. Prime Minister Mackenzie King of Canada was to join him in unveiling the sandstone sepulcher, carved out of the depths of an abandoned Roman quarry in Yugoslavia.

Walter S. Allward, Canadian sculptor, worked fourteen years on the completion of the monument, which cost $1,500,000. Two pylons, 138 feet high, tower above the memorial, which will be softly floodlit at night.

Past years have witnessed curious incidents at Vimy Ridge. The gardener of the monument grounds tells of a British World War private who returned to the battle-field recently. "I've come over to meet my sergeant," he whispered, staring with demented eyes at the "Pimple." He was found dead a few hours later. Once a German officer was observed roaming aimlessly through the trenches. He found the spot where he had stood during the battle; there he committed suicide.

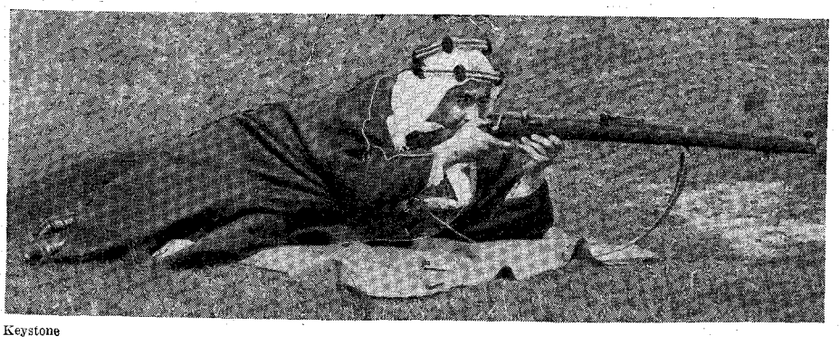
While the pilgrimage mainly serves sentimental reasons, officials of the Canadian Legion will take advantage of the occasion to renew old acquaintances and pay their respects to State and local officials. They will go to Brussels to see King Leopold, to Paris to call on President Lebrun, to Mons to chat with the Burgomaster.

The entire ceremony of unveiling will be broadcast in America and Europe, in both French and English.

FLAMING SHEIKS: Bedouins Restive, Eager to Fight With Arabs in Holy Land

From his legendary capital of Amman, known to ancient Hebrews as Rabbath-Ammon and to the Romans as Philadelphia, the Emir Abdullah Ibn Hussein rules Transjordan under the watchful custodianship of Great Britain. Bearing the blood of the Prophet Mohammed in his veins, the Arab Prince gained fame during the World War when the romantic Lawrence of Arabia led the vanguard of his Bedouin army, bombed the Turkish railroad outposts and fomented the country's tribes to rise against the Ottoman Sultan.

Since Arabs flared up against Jewish immigration into Palestine, which is separated from Transjordan by the River Jordan on the west, his tribesmen have been straining at the leash, threatening to break through the outposts of the British-officered Frontier Force which guards the borders. At least twice since the outbreaks started in April, Palestine's High Commissioner, Sir Arthur Grenfell Wauchope, has flown to Amman and pleaded with Abdullah to dissuade Holy Land Arab leaders from inciting violence. Abdullah tried and failed, almost incurring disaffection in his own State for curbing fanatical Bedouin marauders from aiding their blood brothers in Palestine.



Keystone

The Emir Abdullah Ibn Hussein: "... I fear grave trouble"

New Alarm—Last week he received another urgent air-plane call from Sir Arthur, who painted a picture of riots, strikes, sniping, bombing and massacre and firmly insisted that Transjordan Arabs be held back at any cost, since the outbreak had already cost more than 150 Arab, Jewish and British lives.

"I don't know how much longer I can hold them," the harassed Emir murmured. "I have held them for two months, but I fear grave trouble if the Palestine problem is not settled quickly."

Suave, humor-loving, the fifty-four-year-old Emir cunningly conceals his resentment of British interference in Arab affairs. A stanch Arab, he affects the traditional flowing cloak and silken headgear, strictly performing his Moslem religious duties five times daily. Realizing England's strength, he refrains from voicing his anger at British ingratitude for the service he rendered the Allied cause in ousting the Turks from Arab lands.

Britain had broken her pledge of placing his father, the former King Hussein of Hejaz at the head of a united Arab Kingdom. Instead he received the rulership of Transjordan, while his more famous brother, the late Feisal, was made King of Iraq, both under British mandates. Lawrence had fumed with rage, called his countrymen traitors to the Arab cause and died sighing with contempt for Britain's policy of parceling up the Arabian Near East.

Flaming Arabs—As a result Transjordan became a mandate under the High Commissioner for Palestine, in which Britain promised, through the Balfour Declaration, to establish a national homeland for the Jews. Arab indignation burned white and coffee-house loungers were roused and demanded that their rulers avenge Arab honor by throwing off the yoke of their European overlords—France in Syria and Britain in Palestine, Transjordan, Iraq and Egypt. The Jews must be driven out of Palestine, Pan-Islamist agitators insisted.

Like Feisal, Abdullah swallowed his pride, evaded National clamor for action and, from his white stone palace on a hill-top overlooking Amman, sporadically issued avowals of his deep sympathy for the Pan-Arab movement which united Moslems with Christians against foreign rule.

The late incidents in Palestine, however, have stirred the Prince's Arab blood. His friends say that he has had to take to his tents, moving among far-flung Arab tribes astride his black thoroughbred with his Circassian bodyguard. To gain time, he seeks to assuage angered sheiks by seeking their hospitality. Meantime Bedouin leaders who visit his palace to ask his sanction for raiding Palestine are deflected from their purpose by an ingenious trick.

The gift of a London firm, two distorting mirrors hang in the vestibule of his Amman palace. Visitors seeking audience with him are attracted by the mirrors to slick up and look presentable. In a flash their Bedouin dignity disappears, as their ludicrously twisted reflection stares them in the face. Overcome with side-splitting merriment and laughter, they forget their grievances and, instead, gratefully accept the black, syrupy coffee, spiced with cardamoms and rose-water, while watching the Emir stage a clever move on his favorite chess-board.

Stand Outlined—"No, we can not interfere," he tells his Pan-Arab devotees. "But a man does not hate himself. And all Arabs will hold on with their teeth for their rights, hold on until the British Government realizes the justice of Arabian claims for independence, economic security, freedom from the rising tide of Jews who have smothered the Palestine Arab by absorbing his land."

His hate of Britain notwithstanding, the Emir accepts London's yearly grant-in-aid, ranging from $350,000 to $600,000, to eke out the slim resources of his partly pasture, partly agricultural land. Eight years ago Britain signed a treaty with Transjordan, but kept the Palestine High Commissioner in charge of his emirate, where she maintains two airdromes at Maan and Amman for the Royal Air Force. A British Resident represents the High Commissioner.

Mostly desert, Transjordan's population is about 300,000, of whom 260,000 are Moslems, 30,000 Christians and 10,000 Circassians transplanted there by the Turks after the Russo-Turkish War (1877-78). Amman has a population of about 30,000. Other towns include As-Salt, Kerak, Irbid and Maan.

Ancient Land—Peopled by Semites, the territory was known to the ancient Hebrews as the "Land of Moab," where also Edom and Gilead tribes dwelt. Polytheists, the aborigines worshiped the god Chemosh and traced their ancestry back to Lot through Esau and Jacob. At the time of the Jewish exodus from Egypt (1900 B.C.) these tribes were powerful, but nine centuries later they were subjugated by Saul and David, who devastated their land. In about 850 B.C. one of their kings, Mesha, mustered an army and made reprisals against the Jews. Later the Moabites joined the Chaldean conquerors against their Jewish enemies.

Under the Greeks and Romans the land became the center of military outposts to

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ward off desert marauders, centuries later forming the battle-ground of the Crusades against the Saracens until the Turks conquered it in the sixteenth century.

Bristling with historic Biblical ruins, Transjordan harbors the site of crumbling Petra, whose stone temples and tombs have withstood the changes of centuries. Mount Nebo, known to-day as Jebel Neba, looks down upon a "vale in the land of Moab, where lies a lonely grave" in which Moses is said to have been buried.

JAPAN'S MONGOLIA:

New Puppet Emperor North of Civil War-Split China

While Canton and Nanking were bombarding each other with menaces last week, Chiang Kai-shek threatening to march southward and Kwantung and Kwangsi leaders threatening to secede from China within ten days, Japan was busy setting up another "Pu Yi" in Inner Mongolia, to the north.

Burly, skull-capped and top-knotted Prince Teh Wang, thirty-five-year-old ruler of the Sunnet Tribes and leader for years of the Young Mongols, tired of a precarious absolute freedom and sought, under pressure, autonomy under Manchukuo, which means under the egis of Nippon.

At Kalgan, hide, fur and cattle center, 2,800 feet up on the southern fringe of the Mongolian plateau, he was conferring with Japanese "advisers," driving the best bargain he could for his seminomadic followers.

No Ties to Bind Them—Before 1911 Inner Mongolia was a part of China under the Manchus; and during the stronger days of the Chinese Republic it maintained a wavering loyalty. But thirty millions of peasants driven from China by floods, famines, and a plague of war-lords poured into what was Manchuria, overflowed also into Inner Mongolia.

The Mongols were herdsmen. The Chinese were farmers.

And farmers and herdsmen do not mix.

Mongolian loyalty to China shrank like the wild ass's skin as their grazing acreage was bitten into deeper and deeper by Chinese plows. Two years ago China, because she had to, acknowledged the independence of Inner Mongolia, even participating in the elaborate chanting and beating of temple gongs with which "autonomy" or "independence" (depending on whether one talked with a Chinese or a Mongol) was proclaimed.

Universal Newsreel Photo © International

Prince Teh Wang: absolute freedom tired him

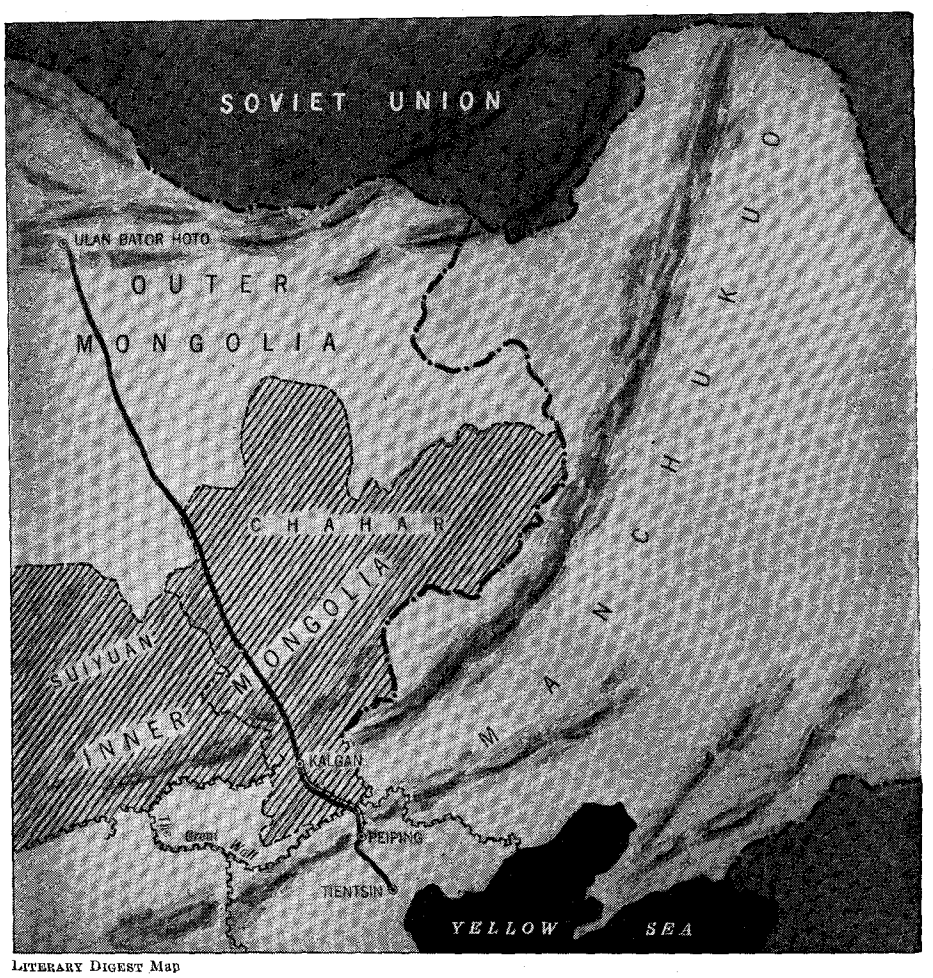
Japan was already wooing the Mongol princes, of whom Teh Wang was the leader, offering (1) to provide modern arms, (2) to halt Chinese immigration, and (3) to secure the land for herdsmen.

Teh Wang and his princes rebuffed the Japanese at the time; but rebuffed them gently.

Mongolia's Hand Forced—Japanese generals made their decision for them. First they occupied Manchuria, delighted, as strictly military men, with the barrier made by the Great Khingan Mountains against infiltration or attack from Soviet Russia and Soviet Outer Mongolia.

The barrier faded out at the southern end of the mountains and left what army men dread, an open flank, with a 1,200 mile caravan route straight from Peiping, through Inner Mongolia, to Ulan Bator, and on to Soviet Russia. The generals had to find something to serve as a continuation of the mountains; they found Teh Wang.

To advice that the new Manchu Emperor Kang Teh (formerly Pu Yi) of Manchukuo was the direct heir of the Manchus who had given him and his fellow princes their titles, and therefore the natural heir to Mongol loyalty, Prince Teh was deaf. The offer of arms and the security of grazing rights were more appealing. Persuasion in the shape of Japanese battalions ended the argument.



LITERARY DIGEST Map

The trail from Kalgan to Ulan Bator Hoto, "Russia's back door," is now guarded for Japan by another "Pu Yi," Prince Teh Wang, of Inner Mongolia

From the Chinese view-point Prince Teh "lost his freedom."

Strategically, Inner Mongolia is of immense importance to the Japanese. The very name of Kalgan means "gate." Motor-cars, with luck, can make the 1,160 mile journey along the caravan trail to Ulan Bator in from four to six days; and during any Russo-Japanese war of the near future it would be the shortest line between the back doors of the two armies.

Mongols Against Mongols—Outer Mongolia, under Soviet influence, has already prepared defenses across the route and has created a no man's land, empty of all population, between itself and Inner Mongolia, guarding it with mounted patrols.

A hundred thousand camels plod along the trail across the Gobi Desert to gratify the well-nigh insatiable thirst of Russians, Red or White, for Chinese tea, and to bring back hides and furs to be treated in the 2,000 skin "dressing" establishments of Kalgan before transport to the outer world. Three hundred thousand bullocks and 1,200,000 camels transport the interior commerce of the country. From Kalgan transport through Peiping to Tientsin and the sea is by rail.

While Prince Teh's position, as a Japanese puppet ruler, can scarcely be less comfortable than it was before, Japan has a grip on the bottle-neck controlling a vast, ill-defined hinterland of North China; and has as well a buffer State between her own influence and that of the Soviets.

Will this be enough? Woodrow Wilson used to say of military men:

"If you give them all they want they will fortify the moon to defend the earth against attacks from Mars."

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SUN-SPOTS AS PROSPERITY REGULATOR

Science Seeks to Trace Correlation of Solar and Business Cycles

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Bread-lines and booms in the stock market—caused by sun-spots?

To the man in the bread-line, the workings of the "business cycle" are mysterious; all he knows is that they give him a job one year, snatch it away the next.

The business man is almost as puzzled by the graphs that adorn his office walls. All he knows is that one year prices rise, prosperity is in the air, labor is scarce; the next, values melt away, banks hesitate to make loans, employees have to be fired.

Last week Dr. Loring Beal Andrews, Harvard University astronomer, disclosed a possible cause of "business cycles"—sun-spots.

The search for a link between planets and pay-days began sixty-five years ago, when an English economist, dissatisfied with pat excuses and theories, set out to solve the riddle. Methodically exhausting the earthly possibilities, William Stanley Jevons, who once undertook to evaluate the flavor of an apple by mathematical formulas, suggested that something outside the earth produced the booms and slumps of the business world. Doctor Andrews' findings tend to bear out the Briton's guess.

Not all scientists agree with them, however. Dr. Charles G. Abbot, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, thinks "Andrews' result probable but difficult to prove," is "convinced precipitation is strongly associated with quadruple sun-spot cycle of about forty-five years," and believes that it is "quite possible human reactions associated with ultraviolet rays are affected by sun-spot cycle, and thus economic cycles may be governed by sun-spots."

From Dr. Walter S. Adams, Director of the Mt. Wilson Observatory at Pasadena, California, comes a snort of unbelief. "Many previous attempts of similar character have been unsatisfactory," he protests.

"In our opinion, numerous other factors so vitally affect economic conditions as to render insignificant any correlation with sun-spots which could possibly exist."

Far from insignificant are the sun-spots themselves. Like giant storms on earth, they move across the white-hot face of the sun, and are sometimes large enough to be seen by the unaided eye. (But don't forget smoked glasses!)

For five or six years, their numbers and size increase; for a similar period, they dwindle. The average sun-spot cycle, from maximum to maximum, is eleven and one-fourth years, but individual cycles vary from ten to twelve years.

Doctor Andrews' studies have indicated that as the number of sun-spots increases, prosperity turns the corner; as the number diminishes, opulence merges into gloom, bread-lines appear, prices fall and panic comes.

Significant Years—"It may be pointed out that the last sun-spot maximum was in 1928, an epoch in the history of the United States to which one commonly refers as the 'good old days,'" remarked the astronomer. "The last sun-spot minimum occurred in 1933; some one has mentioned an economic depression similarly dated."

Agreeing with this opinion is Dr. Harlan True Stetson, of the Harvard University Institute of Geographical Exploration. He has studied the effect of sun-spot cycles on such apparently unrelated matters as radio reception, the yield of fur-bearing animals, the level of water in lakes and rivers, and the growth of trees.

Every one of these, he says in the July *Scientific Monthly*, shows unmistakable influence of the sun-spots. The growth rings of trees, which can be seen when the trunk is cut across and polished, show fat, healthy periods of increase in the years of sun-spot maxima. When sun-spots are few, the rings are thin, suggesting slow growth.

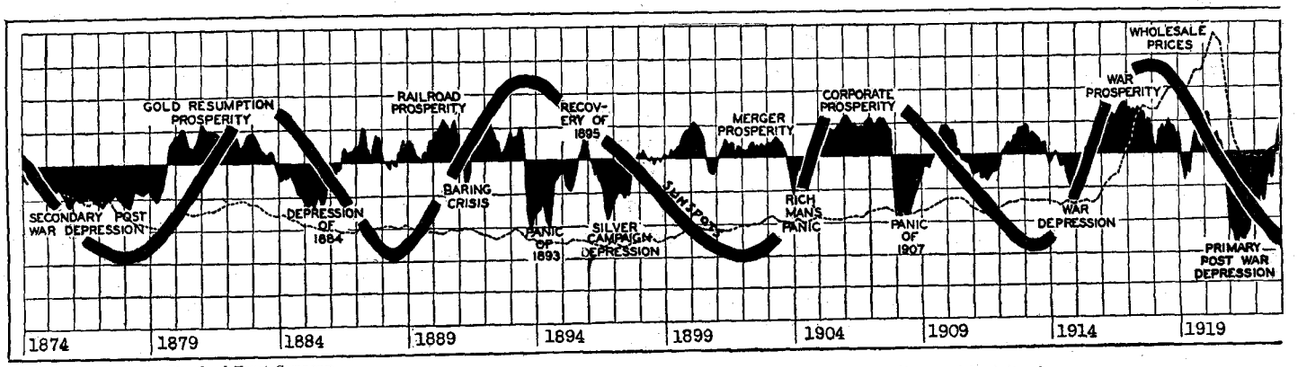
By connecting the sequences of rings from modern trees with those much older, taken from the roof-beams of prehistoric dwellings, a connected series can be traced for hundreds of years.

They all reflect the known sun-spot cycles in approximately eleven-year rhythms. Even the wood in Egyptian toys cut 4,000 years ago reveals the same rhythmic pattern in the grain.

Range of Influence—Doctor Stetson thinks sun-spots may influence human affairs in several ways:

1. More heat is received from the sun in times of many spots. This increases evaporation from the oceans, brings more rain to the land and produces bumper crops. Prosperous farmers can then buy autos, clothes, radios, tools and luxuries. Stocks go up and prosperity is wide-spread.
2. The increased electrical bombardment in times of many spots may ionize the air, improving the buoyancy of human beings and bettering their health. Decreased electrification when spots dwindle may produce an opposite effect.
3. People may become stimulated and optimistic, and at other times depressed and gloomy, through direct action of emanations from the sun.

Last week practical Dr. Orestes Caldwell,



Business chart from the Cleveland Trust Company

Sun-spot cycles and American business: peaks in the sun-spot curve (heavy black line) are seen followed by depressions in business, bottoms on the sun-spot curve . . .

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former Federal Radio Commissioner and now editor of *Radio Today*, took a standard chart of business cycles, and on its background of depression and prosperity imposed the fluctuating curve of sun-spots as reported by astronomers.

The relation between sun-spots and prosperity, this combination shows, is irregular (see illustration). But, strikingly, every sun-spot maximum since 1882 has been a time of stability or opulence, and has been followed within thirty months by depression.

Concludes Doctor Caldwell:

Sun-spots are now increasing toward another maximum about 1938 or 1939. If there is anything to the theory, business should improve for two or three more years.

So look out for a slump—about 1939 or 1940.

Acme

Farmers: less crime-minded than men of any other occupation

KEEPING COOL: Heat Wave Opens Up a Fountain of Cheering Advice

Everybody has a pet recipe for keeping cool, from the Iowa farmer who crushes a juicy fresh rhubarb leaf into his hat, to the New Yorker who drinks only hot liquids in warm weather, on the theory that they open up his pores.

Last week's heat wave brought out a heavy crop of suggestions; the hot weather expected by forecasters between now and the middle of August will probably bring out more.

Dr. Arthur M. Johnson, Health Officer of Rochester, New York, proposes a "heat-wave health cup," made by dissolving a teaspoonful of salt in every quart of water drunk during the day.

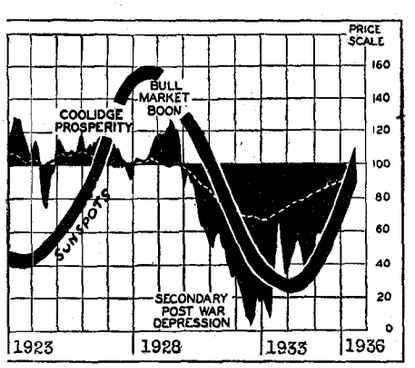
The idea comes from the experience of stokers in the holds of hand-fired ships. In the withering heat of the boilers they get muscle-cramp unless the salt lost through perspiration is replaced in their drinking water.

Dr. Iago Galdston, of the New York Academy of Medicine, suggested that the salt cup could be made more palatable by mixing the sodium chlorid with tomato-juice or sauerkraut-juice.

The taste of salt-water is nauseating to many people.

Ideas of Doctor—Some other suggestions by Doctor Galdston:

1. Avoid exposure to heat; stay out of the sun and walk on the shady side of the street. Don't be in a hurry.



. . . are usually followed by periods of business stability and prosperity

2. Wear as few and as light clothes as possible.

3. Don't overeat; eat less protein foods like meat and fish; more vegetables, salads and milk.

4. Drink plenty of water, cool but not iced. Have all the cold drinks you want if they seem to cool you. Their effect is mostly psychological.

5. Use plenty of water externally; cool baths do no harm, no matter how many are taken.

6. Don't worry about heat collapse as long as there is plenty of perspiration. If you feel faint, take a cool bath and rest. But if the skin suddenly gets dry and feverish, look out. Call a doctor, lie quietly until he arrives.

Winter Memories—Dr. E. A. Meyerding, Secretary of the Minnesota State Medical Association, has a favorite cooling recipe: he just sits and thinks stedfastly of days last winter, when the thermometer at St. Paul hit forty degrees below zero.

Police in Minneapolis heard another method when they hurried to an apartment to find out why a woman was screaming. "I was horribly hot," she explained, mildly. "I thought a good scream might help. I feel better now."

In Detroit, Peter Lybych proudly told the police his recipe when they asked him why he wore a heavy overcoat, collar pulled up, in the sweltering street: "It keeps the heat out. See, I'm not suffering a bit. I'm on my way home now for my winter underwear."

TRADES AND CRIME: Farmers Least Likely to Land in Prison, Inquiry Discloses

Fewer farmers commit crime than men of any other occupation; apparently tending the corn under a blazing sun or milking cows by morning and evening lantern-light leaves little time for plotting wrong-doing.

This week penologists scanned a report showing that banking, truck-driving, printing and serving as barber or hair-dresser are hazardous occupations.

Their contribution to prisons is all out of proportion to their numbers in the general population.

Most dangerous of all is to have no occupation.

A year ago the United States Public Health Service assigned to Dr. Barkev S. Sanders, psychologist, the task of learning why some men find their way into prison, while others remain free.

He went to the huge Northeastern Penitentiary, for Federal prisoners, at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, where hundreds of gray-faced men with numbers were counting the dragging days until their release.

Convicts Quizzed—Through the corridors went keen-eyed Doctor Sanders.

In the prison office he thumbed the records of 1,000 men in the order of admittance. In the cells he measured and studied the prisoners, learning all he could about their histories, ages, occupations and mental quirks.

The enigma of crime is still far from solved, but Doctor Sanders has made a report of his progress so far in *Public Health Reports:*

1. Between the ages of about twenty-eight to thirty-four there seems to be some influence at work that causes men to commit crime. Most prisoners fall in that age group.

2. Younger men commit robbery, post-office theft and sex offenses, and violate the immigration laws. Older men plot forgery, impersonate others and violate the bankruptcy, bank, postal and narcotic laws.

3. Occupation has a strange effect on tendency to crime.

Money-Handlers—Bankers are relatively few in the population. By the law of averages, there should have been only two in the thousand prisoners Doctor Sanders studied.

Actually, there were twenty-one.

Other occupations that contributed prisoners disproportionately were wholesalers, domestic servants, brokers, waiters, bakers, mechanics, tailors and postmasters.

On the other side of the ledger were machinists, store clerks, compositors, engineers, industrial laborers, carpenters and insurance salesmen, who sent fewer of their numbers to prison than the average in the general population.

Least crime-minded of all were farmers. By averages, there should have been fifty in the thousand men Doctor Sanders studied. There were none.

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SPIES, WAR AND ROMANCE IN NEW FILM

Jean Harlow Appears in Melodrama Against 1914 Backgrounds

"Suzy" (Jean Harlow) and "Andre" (Cary Grant): over a picnic basket, they forget the war

All of Hollywood's other celebrated blondes having had a recent encounter with film stories involving 1914, war and spies, it now is Jean Harlow's turn to trifle dramatically with some of the minor tragedies of those days.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer bought Herbert Gorman's novel, "Suzy," for Miss Harlow. Having purchased the book and become owner of the title, the studio tossed away most of the Gorman narrative, retained the title and engaged four No. 1 scenarists to do something about a story. They have.

Alan Campbell, Horace Jackson, Dorothy Parker and Lenore Coffee, in story conference assembled, have chosen plot No. 64—the "neither maid, wife nor widow" theme—in which to dip Miss Harlow's talents.

Admittedly, the Gorman story was plushy with unfilmable situations. No censor would have passed certain incidents in that novel, no censor can possibly find a point of offense in "Suzy," the film.

Shooting Spy—In it Miss Harlow is a Broadway show-girl stranded in Europe. Moving on to London she meets a young Irish inventor and is married to him. A woman spy shoots him a few hours after the wedding. The spy scare is so complex that *Suzy*, believing her husband dead and fearing trouble, goes quickly to Paris. There she meets *Andre*, a French aviator, and is married to him.

In the midst of the gravest days of the War the three—*Suzy* and her two husbands—meet. *Andre* has become involved with the same spy who shot the inventor. *Suzy* and her first husband band together to save the reputation of her second.

The story has the now familiar backgrounds of Europe in 1914, its spy scenes are brightly contrived, it has a melodramatic punch of undeniable force. The ending is intelligently arrived at and is logical.

For all that the picture was made for Miss Harlow and all the important scenes are pointed in her favor, the honors for performance go mainly to Franchot Tone, as the inventor, and Cary Grant, as the French ace.

Direction by George Fitzmaurice is brilliant, and he has had the foresight to insist on new treatment for scenes which, otherwise, would be much like dozens of scenes in dozens of other spy and war films.

Dynamic Part—The rôle of *Suzy* is one of the most exacting and explosive yet assigned to Miss Harlow, will not lose for her a single admirer, may gain many.

Curiously, the name that remains in memory is that of neither of the three principals so much as Lewis Stone's. Playing the father of *Andre*, he dominates every scene in which he appears.

Hollywood papers were unanimous in their opinions at the preview:

Hollywood *Daily Variety:* "It is deliberately contrived to bring out the proved and dependable talents . . . of its principals."

The Hollywood *Reporter:* "This one must be placed in the hit class."

MIDGET MISCHIEF: Jane Withers in "Pepper" Cures an Old Man of Hypochondria

The West Coast studios rarely indulge in a feature length film expressly made for the delight of children in audiences.

Producers, ladling bale-sized fortunes into films for adults, assert that children audiences are not lastingly appreciative and there is insufficient organization of such audiences to warrant the investment.

Twentieth Century-Fox, having shattered other cozy traditions of Hollywood, destroys that smug estimate with "Pepper," a brisk, often impertinent motion-picture obviously designed for children. Adults need not be frightened away. It is excellent entertainment.

The plot of "Pepper" is as simple as a First Reader. Its story simplicities are gauded with rowdy situations and candid slap-stick. Adult filmgoers addicted to full-fashioned comedies ought not to miss it. In addition, it definitely is the best photoplay made by Jane Withers, who is to midget mischief what Shirley Temple is to infant sweetness. Some prefer Miss Withers' lapses to Miss Temple's perfections.

No Fauntleroy—The Withers in "Pepper" is *Pepper Jolly*, a forthright waif of Manhattan's streets. She is leader of her neighborhood gang, enticing the less upright *gamins* into appalling misdeeds. The *argot* of gangland tumbles from her lips as easily as *Little Lord Fauntleroy* spoke niceties.

A poor widow, about to be evicted, arouses the child's sympathy and she breaks into the lair of a crotchety, violent man of wealth who is a victim of solicitous doctors. *Pepper* breaks him from hypochondria, dissuades his haughty daughter from marrying an ignoble impostor, takes the old man on a fling to Coney Island.

In that resort of the uninhibited, she scoots him around the most dangerous rides, stuffs him with evil hamburgers and makes a pleasant, charitable person of him.

Infant Triumph—Any child could follow that plot, almost any child will enjoy the spectacle of Miss Withers cowing and taming an irascible old man.

Hokum has been sprayed into the film with a hose, but it is artful hokum adroitly applied.

Irvin S. Cobb's best performance to date is encountered in "Pepper." He appears to rejoice in those scenes allowing him to explode with wrath and glower with rage. Later, a tamed behemoth of irritability, he practically rolls in the pleasures of being a nice old man.

Slim Summerville, in the faintly crazed rôle of a forgetful uncle to *Pepper*, teams up with Mr. Cobb and between them they

Jane Withers: they call her "Pepper Jolly"

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Film Ratings

These ratings represent a consensus arrived at by analysis of the comment of screen reviewers throughout the country. They are not arbitrary ratings set by THE LITERARY DIGEST Screen Editor.

AAAA—"The White Angel"; "The Great Ziegfeld"; "The Green Pastures"; "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford"; "San Francisco."

AAA—"Desire"; "Sons O'Guns"; "Fury"; "Dancing Pirate"; "Early to Bed"; "M'liss"; "The Devil Doll"; "Suzy."

The ratings are: *AAAA*, Excellent; *AAA*, Good; *AA*, Acceptable, and *A*, Poor.

threaten to steal performance honors from Miss Withers. That they don't is tribute to the child's amazing versatility and resourcefulness as an actress.

Amusing scene: Withers, Cobb and Summerville singing a hillbilly number.

California papers granted the film's excellence as a juvenile feature, believed it to be worth while for adults.

Hollywood *Reporter:* "Critical parents may object to its kid roughhouse, but the kids themselves will flock to it and yell with glee throughout."

PLAY AMERICANIZED:

"Dr. Knock," Joy of Amateurs, Appears Destined for Broadway

"Dr. Knock," major laugh-spring-board of the French theater, especial joy of eager American amateurs, emerged from the trim weeds of Westport, Connecticut, last week as a potential Broadway success.

Its patient author, Jules Romains, was not present to see his bubbling play in professional hands; would have been pop-eyed with astonishment if he had. Left to the familiar plot by adapters Lawrence Langner and his actress-playwright wife, Armina Marshall, were a few basic characters, the ancient motor-car and the thread of a theme. All the rest was new, sharp and American.

Romains in his play used the typically indolent French plot of a young doctor taking over the dwindling, withered practise of an older, out-of-date physician. Romains utilized a vintage automobile for most of his giggles.

"Knock's" History—A modern classic in France, with Louis Jouvet making the rôle his own "Knock" has had previous renderings into English. Notable is the H. Granville Barker adaptation which is on every amateur program worth its salt. The old American Laboratory Theater once performed the piece in a semi-professional way.

The writing Langners saw no occasion to keep the locale in France, to milk the antique motor-car dry of humors. They have moved the play to Deerville, Massachusetts, surrounded it with New England village characters. The automobile—Cadillac, 1904—is whisked out of audience sight ten minutes after the curtain goes up.

The Langner version goes gunning for fake doctors, all the glib mumbo-jumbo of psychology, takes an act and a half to pinch the consciousness of modern physicians who indulge themselves and their patients in futile diet fads. There is no indignation against any of these; merely robust, good-humored contempt.

As with Romains, so with the Langners: a young doctor buys the dust-dry practise of a fossilized physician. He moves into the slumberous village in a whirl of modernism. Then the Langners change the story. He installs sun-ray lamps, discovers a dying applesauce cannery and rescues it by inventing an applesauce curative diet. He promises the local embalmer to do business with him, talks the sour town druggist into restocking his prescription shelves. He has a motto: "Every human being a patient, every patient a sick man, every sick man gets a prescription."

Brings Town to Life—In six months the town is humming; doddering, limping old gaffers are out on the golf course daily, money floods the village. The local inn, a distressing hovel, is repainted, repaired, becomes a sanitarium for people who like to think they are ill.

It is in his talk with the embalmer that *Dr. Knock* gets to the bottom of his medical philosophy: "From the moment each of us is born he is dying." The truth of that is demonstrated.

Richard Whorf, self-reliant young Boston actor, achieved his first starring rôle as *Dr. Knock.* He will not play it when the play comes to New York: a road tour with "Idiot's Delight" being a commitment. Whorf was exceptional, had impressive support from such reliables as Morton L. Stevens, Ralph Riggs, John Hamilton, Eda Heinemann and Claudia Morgan.

Langner invention: a mother-daughter situation, never dreamed of by Romains, invented by the Langners to bolster the psychology exposé. In it a young nurse, apron-stringed to a harassed mother, is sent packing, the doctor concentrates on ridding the mother of any conviction that she owes a duty to her child. Both women are pleased to be freed from irksome ties.

Acme

Jules Romains . . . would have been pop-eyed at the American version of his "Dr. Knock"

HIT FROM CAPE COD?

"Spring Dance," with Plot Theme by College Girls, Revamped

Broadway, ordinarily contemptuous of any real value in the summer country theaters, revised its opinion when Jed Harris produced Philip Barry's new play, "Spring Dance," at the Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Cape Cod, Massachusetts. Modern Paul Reveres thundered down the Boston Post Road last week to bring the news that "Spring Dance," due in New York in September, would be the first hit of the new season.

One year ago two Smith College girls, Eleanor Golden and Eloise Barrangon, walked into the Harris offices and plumped a play onto his desk. They believed it had an idea, might interest him, confessed they had notions about becoming a drama-crafting team.

Barry's Work—Harris liked them, liked their play less. He didn't suggest they rewrite it. He sent, instead, for Barry, asked that practised playsmith to whip a basically good idea into a positively good play. Barry must have rewritten everything but the plot theme, because the play now is heralded as "by Philip Barry, adapted from an idea by Eleanor Golden and Eloise Barrangon."

Their idea was treacherous: girls on a college campus. Five such plays had been written, five had failed. Barry, with the sixth and the help of the girls from Smith, appears to have achieved success.

It tells the story of *Alex Benson*, who likes *Sam Thatcher* from Yale, and of *Sam Thatcher* of Yale, who likes the U.S.S.R. *Sam* is determined to visit Russia and China and see what the revolution is like close-up. *Alex* is determined to keep him in the United States, preferably near-by to *Alex.* Alas, she hasn't the beauty or the brains to cope with the lures of distant revolutions. In her own candid words, she looks "like a horse with a fly up its nose."

Victory and Defeat—Her sisters of the campus vow among themselves to help *Alex.* They supply in efficient lots what she so wofully lacks. The result is a complete victory for *Alex,* a rout for the U.S.S.R. and the surrender of *Sam,* who struggles to the last end bitterly calling himself the victim of a "dirty capitalistic female plot."

"Spring Dance" is exuberant, noisy and briskly modern. Learned professors of drama described Barry's writing as like that creamy froth that characterized "Holiday," "Paris-Bound" and similar escapades. Froth concealing a bowl of acid.

Imogene Coca, of the occasional youth revues, deserts song and dance for drama to become the *Alex.* Her performance as the frustrated, plain girl who pits her aims against the call of distant revolutions excited critics, caused them to forecast a brilliant new young star.

Such comment was general. Robert Garland, in the New York *World-Telegram,* made it specific:

"Along with the majority, your correspondent finds her tender and tenacious, comic and tragic, and, if you'll forgive the word, wistful. . . . In 'Spring Dance,' Jed Harris has a success in the making. In Imogene Coca he has a potential American Elisabeth Bergner."

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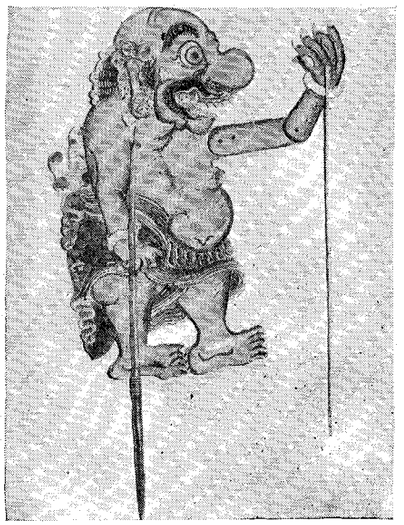
UNCENSORED JOYS OF HAPPY BALINESE

Paintings, Masks, Puppets, Images of Islanders Shown in U. S.

Colorful and primitive Bali has sent down roots in America.

In a special air-cooled gallery, the Museum of Fine Arts, Brooklyn, New York, installed recently the Balinese arts collection of Colin McPhee. The McPhee collection, containing paintings, masks, theater puppets, musical instruments, religious and household objects, proves to be the most comprehensive that has ever reached the United States.



Photos courtesy Brooklyn Museum

For men only: Balinese women can look only at this puppet's shadow

There are, however, a number of omissions from the McPhee *kain gambar* (paintings on cotton cloth). Demure Miss Christine Krehbiel, in charge of the exhibition at the Brooklyn Museum, explained:

"The Balinese have no Will Hays to censor their art." And with a tolerant smile: "They have unusual ideas of what are sacred subjects and . . . well!"

Colin McPhee, a Canadian-born musician, heard of the unspoiled beauty of the Pacific Eden of Bali several years ago. Interested in tales of the untouched beauty of the people of this Dutch-administered isle just off the eastern toe of Java, he arrived there for a two-weeks' vacation. So intrigued was he with this civilization of terraced rice-fields, ancient Hindu temples among palms on sweeping mountain-slopes, and art forms of precise and formal rhythm that he remained four years.

Island Harmony—The short, stocky, blue-eyed composer primarily was interested in the native music. The tinkle of the *gamelon*, an instrument resembling a Western dinner-gong, and the mellow chimes of the *gender*, a remote ancestor of our xylophone, held harmonies which he feared the march of industrial progress soon might obliterate.

Armed with recording instruments, he captured an inclusive selection of their high-pitched melodies. They were, he discovered, hymns. Their subjects were the natives' half-Buddhistic religious beliefs, and they are used as an accompaniment to exotic dances and weird, stately processions.

McPhee obtained both a *gamelon* and a *gender* for his collection, also a set of the pair of drums which a Bali musician hangs about his neck and beats with both hands. But looking about him, he found other art forms equally as interesting.

The great source of all Balinese art has been the Ramayana, Hindu testament, whose legends are depicted by knife and brush with all the lyrical joy and sorrow of a naïve, childlike people. Painting in Bali is generally done on long rolls of cotton cloth, which are hung up under the eaves of the thatched houses. Strong earthy colors predominate, and the figured scenes show crowded compositions illustrating stories from the great Indian epics and many religious fertility legends (some of which have been censored out of the Museum exhibit).

Priests Assist—In assembling his collection, McPhee found native priests usually willing to part with ecclesiastical art for a moderate price. But in the dim, incense-reeking temple of Tampak Siring, where he tried to bargain for an ancient calendar of the 210-day Hindu year painted on Papuan tapa (clothlike paper), his efforts were unavailing. The faces of the priests grew stern; they refused to sell him the masterpiece in Balinese picture-symbols, or even let him copy it.

Nothing daunted, McPhee hired a local painter who, disguised as a pilgrim from afar, sketched the only known reproduction while pretending to be bowed in prayer.

Remarkable among the many objects of deft craftsmanship in the Balinese collection is the gold and silver wreath, delicately wrought, to be worn by high priests at special festivals. Also shown at the Brooklyn Museum are several figures of local deities. On certain occasions, the Balinese priests took these figures out of their shrines and invited the gods they represented to enter the shrine to take their places. When the gods were supposed to have returned to their homes, the wooden images were replaced in their shrines.

A number of colorful wooden masks leer down from one end of the Museum gallery. Not long ago they were worn by Balinese posturing and dancing at the end of some great Hindu pageant, the ones with the slit eyes representing demons, while the round-eyed depicted the demigods. Some of them, placed on straw figures ten feet high, the arms and legs of which are worked by a man beneath, went from door to door at the time of village festivals, bringing good luck to the householders.

Shadow Plays—The theater also is a part of Bali life. A puppet drama, *wayang koelit* (shadow play), has existed there for untold centuries. It differs from our own marionette shows in that the figures are not string-directed from above but pushed from beneath the stage on splints of bamboo. The puppets, made of flat, carefully tanned leather, go through their gyrations on a men-only basis.

Women who wish to see a Bali show sit in a section of the theater screened off by white cotton sheeting. A ceremonial lamp with six wicks reflects the religious play in silhouette for the women who would "contaminate the sacred performance" if they viewed it in full detail.

In McPhee's collection of puppets, some depict the members of a typical Balinese orchestra; others represent the good and bad spirits whose constant warfare forms the basis of most of the plays.

To previewers of his collection, McPhee said: "Tourists have become a curse upon Bali. When I went there the natives were almost unspoiled. The Dutch Administration had encouraged local customs and tribal traditions. Music and painting flourished as it had for centuries.

"Altho the Indian caste system existed in modified form, its evils were not great among the pleasure-loving Balinese. They cultivated rice on the hillsides, carried offerings of fruits to the temples, danced, sang and drank palm wine. They lived close to nature in their simple wonder at the supernatural, their delight in telling marvelous tales.

Sacred and grotesque: Balinese mask of Raja Bedahulu, for an actor in a religious drama

Dexterous King—"This mask, for example," Mr. McPhee pointed to a grinning bearded face, "was made to represent Raja Bedahulu, the king who lost his head. Magically powerful, Raja Bedahulu was able to strike off his own head with a *kris*, replacing it at will.

"One day he did so beside a river. His handling of the blade was careless. His head plopped into the river and was swept away by the current.

"A frightened servant sliced off the head of a passing pig and stuck it onto his master's shoulders.

"Thence afterwards, the king wore it as his own."

Colin McPhee stopped in New York this year only long enough to put his Balinese collection into the hands of Herbert J. Spindern, Curator of American Indian Art and Primitive Cultures at the Brooklyn Museum, then started south again. This time he has gone to Mexico, attempting to corroborate his belief that there is a root resemblance between the music handed down by the Maya and Aztecs and the melodies of Bali.

"What we call progress," was his parting shot, "is something quite ridiculous. Just before I left Bali, a salesman for an

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English woolen firm landed with a long line of sweaters. So eagerly did the natives take to wearing them that even the tourist trade showed an immediate decrease. Europeans did not care to look at the beautiful Balinese in fuzzy sweaters."

SHARING ART: Huntington Makes Public Museum of Mansion Housing Treasures

When rich men buy huge estates, they usually see to it that the gardeners fence them securely with privet or palings against the curious stares of the unelect. When Archer Milton Huntington bought a 4,000-acre South Carolina plantation, poured half a million dollars into its old gardens, and installed $300,000 worth of American sculpture, neighbors waited for the expected "NO TRESPASSING" signs.

None appeared. The adopted son of the multimillionaire builder of the Southern Pacific Railroad said simply enough that he believed that a man who hides from public view a beautiful painting or a classic statue is depriving the world of its just heritage.

So, instead of locking the great iron gates to Brookgreen, Mr. Huntington presented the place, statuary and all, to the State of South Carolina, as a public museum. Not satisfied, he endowed it with $2,000,000 for up-keep.

To-day, visitors who journey there to see the old mansion in which George Washington once slept, changed in architecture from run-down Colonial to a low, gray Spanish-Arabic which harmonizes perfectly with the subtropical foliage, marvel at a man who believes in sharing beauty.

Previous Benefactions—This great monument to the genius of American sculpture on the banks of the Wacamaw River is not the first of Mr. Huntington's achievements in bringing art and the public together. As far back as 1904, he founded and endowed the great Hispanic Museum in New York which has come to be a lasting promise of international accord. Since then, he has founded eleven museums in America and two in Spain.

Six feet five in his stocking feet, this white-haired New Yorker gives no outward hint of his subtle artistic nature. Born in 1870, he was educated in New York and Spain. Among the ancient Moorish gardens, his love for the beautiful first blossomed. It has never faded.

Brookgreen is the latest of his achievements, remarkable as the most unusual permanent public exhibition of art in America, visited by as many as a thousand people in a single day. It is the personification of an idea conceived not only by Mr. Huntington himself, but also by his wife, the former Anna Hyatt.

She is a noted American sculptress. A year before she married Mr. Huntington in 1924, the French Government created her a Chevalier of the Legion d'Honneur in recognition of her artistic attainments. Like her husband, she, too, had long believed that sculpture should not be crowded into bleak galleries. Together they visualized a museum under the sun and stars, where the statues could be placed as the artists conceived them, in close harmony with nature.

Colonial Home—Brookgreen dates back to the feudal aristocracy of the early slave-owning South. Bought from the British Crown in 1730 by the Allston family, it remained in their hands for more than a hundred years. All the gallantry and romance of the old plantation life swirled through its porticos. Ill-fated Theodosia Burr, sister of the man who shot Alexander Hamilton, married one of its squires. Washington Allston, famed early American painter, was born in Brookgreen in the eighteenth century.

When the Huntingtons bought it in 1930, the original terrain offered an admirable foundation for the gardens they planned.

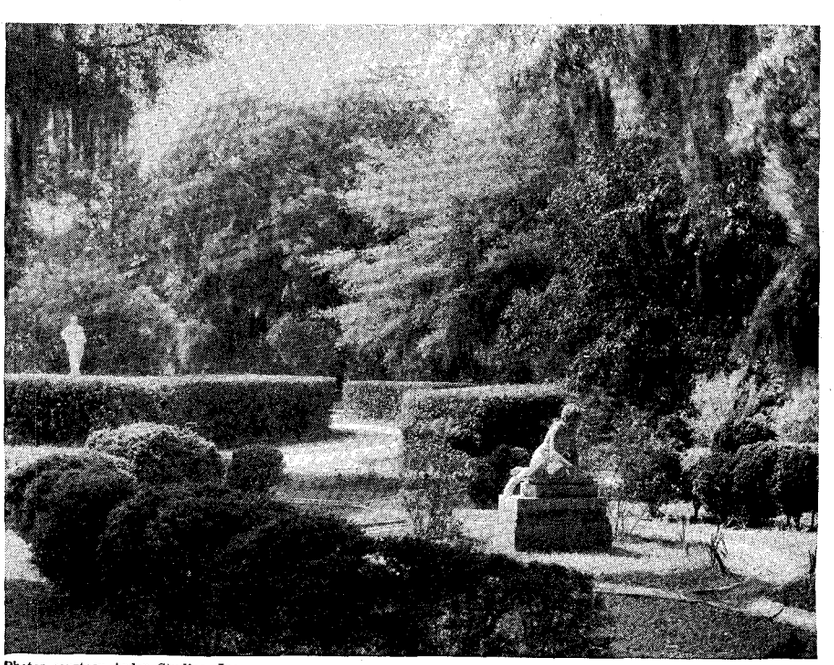
Mr. and Mrs. Huntington, who shun publicity, modestly describe their 4,000-acre museum primarily as a protected habitat for the wild animals and plant life of the Carolinas. Trees and flowers are carefully labeled for the benefit of the botanically-minded visitor. But when one surveys the roster of American sculptors whose work is represented in this collection of 137 pieces, it becomes more than evident that the great contribution of the Huntingtons is to the support and encouragement of modern American art.

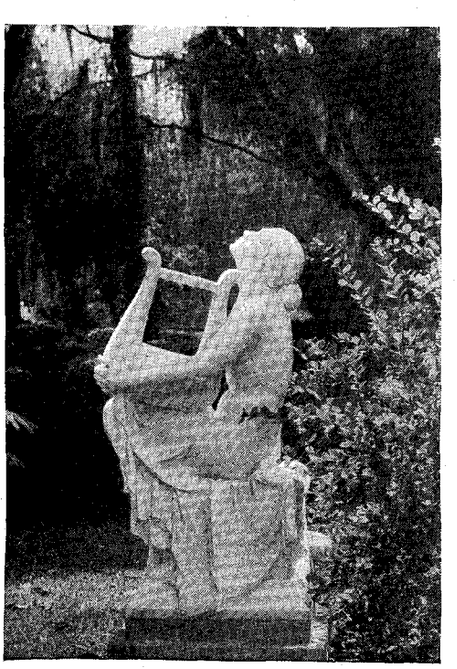
Representative Art—Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Daniel Chester French, Frederick William MacMonnies, George Grey Barnard, Paul Manship, Gaetano Cecere, Chester Beach and Mrs. Huntington herself, together with a host of other distinguished Americans, figure in this inclusive representation. Their statues are placed with studied carelessness beside the Wacamaw, and at all focal points of the garden. Near the center of the estate is a porticoed museum building which houses the smaller statuary: but the Huntingtons' plan of combining the beauties of nature and art is strictly adhered to elsewhere.

Woodland nymphs disport themselves in real woods; live birds fraternize with bronze reproductions. Hedges and trees form a natural back-drop for marble men and maidens. And the sky above provides an ever-changing dome, cloudy or bright with sunlight, dark and studded with stars.

"By the grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland KING," reads the old Brookgreen deed from George the Second in 1730, "We do Give and Grant unto Mr. John Allston all that parcel and tract of land in the Province of Carolina, Reserving unto US, and our Heirs all white pine-trees, and 1/10 part of mines of silver and gold only."

The "mines of silver and gold" never materialized. But to art-lovers to-day, Brookgreen, under the happy protection of Mr. and Mrs. Huntington and the State of South Carolina, is a mint of finer stuff than is dug from the earth.





Photos courtesy Arden Studios, Inc.

Exhibits in the 4,000-acre open-air sculpture museum at Brookgreen, South Carolina: (left to right) "Boy With Squirrel," a statue for a bird-bath, by Walker Hancock, and "Sonata," white marble under ancient green sycamores, by Mario Kobel

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NEW BOOKS: A Kaleidoscope of History; Remarkable Southern Novel; the City in Short Stories

The Tumult and the Shouting. By George Slocombe. 437 pp. (New York: The Macmillan Company; $3.50.)

The years succeeding the World War became the golden age of journalism. The lifting of the censor's veil exposed many grotesque features. Carefully built-up reputations fell flatter than those of movie stars to whom the public does not "take."

On the other hand, smart international politicians strove to use the bright journalistic minds suddenly unfettered. And the result has been that many a news-writer has got the notion that he had a finger deeper in the European political pie than was strictly the case.

With a studied modesty, George Slocombe has striven, in his recollections, to draw a sharp line between fact and fancy. He was, however, something more than a mere observer. At Geneva in 1927 he arranged a meeting between Chamberlain and Litvinoff when the council was threatening to break up in a masterpiece of futility. At The Hague in 1929 he was instrumental in getting Briand and Snowden together. And he persuaded Gandhi to cut his eleven demands to four, hardly a service to the *mahatma*.

Personalities—Slocombe knew Mussolini before Il Duce became a one-man government, but he joined the newspaper man's cold-shoulder movement at Locarno in 1925 and met eye to eye the dictator's vexation. He was one of those journalists swinging around in so large an orbit that he was in less danger of colliding with the "sacred cows" which so often block the news highway.

He moved above the lowing herd and lived to have three British ministers write testimonials to his paper, the London *Daily Herald*, concerning his usefulness to Britain's elder statesmen.

His readers on this side of the pond will be interested particularly in his keen comment upon the captains and the kings, many of whom have not yet departed. Mr. Slocombe told a man playing a piano that Hitler was "sincere if not very intelligent," and tho without humor, had "a blind courage." The man at the piano turned out to be Hanfstängl, who, in Hitler's extremity after the abortive *putsch*, had hidden Germany's present ruler in Bavaria.

Anatole France had the eyes of "an unhappy satyr"; Lloyd George and Briand ruled with "voices of silver"; Calles in Mexico had eyes "glowing like coals in a dead mask."

When Mr. Slocombe sticks to his last, he is at his considerable best. His book, along with those of others of his craft, should be added to the libraries, that a franker perspective of brave doings and sublime error may be preserved for generations.

Critical Opinions — WASHINGTON POST: *"Out of his rich store of experiences and encounters, George Slocombe . . . has written a truly fascinating book. The reader . . . will be rewarded . . . with its kaleidoscopic picture of our rapidly changing times."*

BUFFALO TIMES: *"Mr. Slocombe's book is engagingly written and brings one in touch with many interesting persons. The author . . . is delightfully unpretentious and his twinkling sense of humor sparkles through all his observations."*

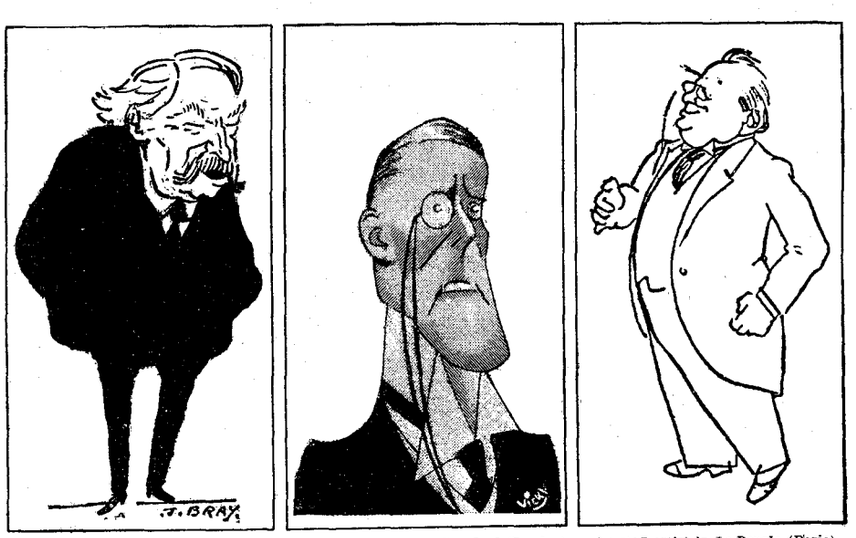
BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT: *"Through the whole narrative runs the spirit of leisureliness which one so misses in the memoirs and biographies of other correspondents . . . a book built chiefly around individuals."*

NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW: *"Readable but in no wise profound. . . . Shrewd comments on eminent people."*

* * *

Gone With the Wind. By Margaret Mitchell. 1,037 pp. (New York: The Macmillan Company; $3.)

While Margaret Mitchell was recovering from a long illness, her husband, trying to keep her amused, wore himself and the neighboring library ragged. In desperation, he finally suggested that his wife write her own book. He gave her a stack of paper and put her to work. The result, seven years later, is a monumental opus, more than one thousand pages of blood and thunder, damn Yankees and Southern heroes. And Southern womanhood.



Caricatures by Bray in *l'Européen* (Paris), Vicky in the *Evening Standard* (London), and a staff artist in *Le Peuple* (Paris)

Aristide Briand, Sir Austen Chamberlain, and Maxim Litvinoff—a few of the political figures who had to deal with George Slocombe during the golden age of journalism

© *Atlanta Constitution*

Margaret Mitchell: her husband's stack of paper became 1,000 pages of blood and thunder

Scarlett O'Hara was only sixteen when she fell in love with *Ashley*. Ashley, however, craved the soft and joyous *Melanie*, leaving *Scarlett* to throw the full strength of her need upon *Melanie's* brother *Charles*. And thus began the career of a managing woman.

War and Marriage—Soon General Sherman came marching through Georgia to prove that "war is hell" and that *Scarlett* could shoot a Federal, take his pocket-book and bury him. Then Reconstruction, with its carpetbaggers, caught up *Scarlett* in the sad pages of political patronage. *Scarlett* developed a pretty poor opinion of the American male, Northern or Southern. So she married a lumber-mill and took it over.

Eventually, she married *Rhett Butler*, who, bulldoze him tho she might, still managed to duck the heel she tried to plant on his neck. In the end, for all her enterprise, she was a woman who found she had gained much in worldly goods and probably lost a life.

This is the skeleton on which Margaret Mitchell hangs a Gargantuan tale, the story of a feminine *Anthony Adverse*. *Scarlett* is the grandmother of the ladies Mr. Bromfield and his cronies have held up to ridicule. But one has the notion that, as she took care of herself during the War Between the States and in the Reconstruction following it, so she would have made her way during the late and unlamented depression.

Critical Opinions — SAVANNAH MORNING NEWS: *"We may indeed believe that 'Gone With the Wind' will take its place in the annals of English fiction beside books like 'Vanity Fair,' whose general scheme and structure it resembles."*

ATLANTA JOURNAL: *"Frankly and blatantly I did not ever expect to read a book anything like this written by a woman. Where did this youngster who worked on* THE JOURNAL *four or five years—this Atlanta kid—get the touch and the line to draw these amazing portraits? I give up. Peggy—where did you get it? . . . A great book . . . and inconclusive as I think all really great books are."*

CHICAGO DAILY NEWS: *"Without a shadow of a doubt the big novel of the season. . . . It is hard to believe that this is a*

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first novel, for its scope is literally as great as that of 'War and Peace.' . . . One of the great novels of our time."

* * *

People Are Fascinating. By Sally Benson. 304 pp. (New York: Covici-Friede; $2.50.)

Mrs. Benson's collection of short stories without plots makes satisfying corroborative reading for those who believe the city slicker to be at the end of his emotional and intellectual tether. In her writing, she pours an acid measure to etch amused lines in the faces of the ennuied who seek vague stimulation in smart magazines. Nor is her work the less sharp because her victims are the readers of her pieces, seeing their neighbors rather than themselves upon Mrs. Benson's operating table.

People betray themselves to the author by a stupid sentence or a silly nod of the head, no matter how studied the mask they wear. There is the Saturday night reveler, inclined to boast of his hangover, the while he fights his Sunday morning jitters. There is the woman frantically clutching at her lost youth, so that her acquaintances —and the reader inevitably becomes one of them—are amused by the opportunity thus offered to peddle gossip.

Types—There is nothing soft about Mrs. Benson's writing; compassion is not her forte. Her types, however, are able to stand in three-dimensional space. She makes of her hotel and apartment dwellers living pupils in a University of Human Folly.

Mrs. Benson's people are fascinating not so much because they are slaves to the age of gadgetry in the kitchen as because they are slaves to stream-lining of their mental processes. Her book is a study in the poverty of human ingenuity in such matters as contented living and joyous play. From those regions called by patronizing city folks "the sticks," if this book is read out there, should come a chorus of jubilant "I told you so's."

Critical Opinion—BALTIMORE SUN: *"For a parlor game guaranteed to create lifelong enmities . . . you might try getting your friends to identify each other in 'People Are Fascinating.' . . . Altho this book is an immortal classic in cattiness, there is not one unkind word about anybody in it. The characters destroy themselves in carefully transcribed casual conversation."*

Best Sellers
Week Ending July 11

Fiction

Gone With the Wind, by Margaret Mitchell. (Macmillan, $3.)
Sparkenbroke, by Charles Morgan. (Macmillan, $2.75.)
Sanfelice, by Vincent Sheean. (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.)
The Doctor, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.)
The Last Puritan, by George Santayana. (Scribner, $2.75.)

Non-Fiction

Wake Up and Live! by Dorothea Brande. (Simon & Schuster, $1.75.)
Around the World in Eleven Years, by Patience, Richard and John Abbe. (Stokes, $2.)
The Way of a Transgressor, by Negley Farson. (Harcourt, Brace, $3.)
Man, The Unknown, by Alexis Carrel. (Harper, $3.50.)
Inside Europe, by John Gunther. (Harper, $3.50.)

Current Poetry

NIGHT

BY JERRY CLASON

Descending
On soundless feet,
She lights her candles:
The stars;

And, by their shimmering light,
Combs her hair,
Covering us
With her tresses.

—From *Frail Fragment.*
(Henry Harrison, Publisher, New York.)

QUESTIONS

BY CELESTE CARRIERE

And tell me which is loveliest of all
The times of life. Oh, is it youth when touch
Of drifting petals as they lightly fall
Can break a heart because it feels too much?
Or is it middle life when love is full
And surfeited with bliss so that the heart
Has nothing left to yearn for and is dull?
Or is it age when every feeling part
Has grown so sensitive, is worn so thin,
That it can feel life's faintest tremor, there
Beside the bone, beneath the fragile skin?

Oh, is it age that once again can dare
To feel as much as youth because it knows
The heart will break, but by its breaking grows?

—*College Verse.*

SAND-DUNE AND SEA

BY JOHN RICHARD MORELAND

O glamorous prairie, had you been
The place of my nativity,
I would have loved your billowy green
Just as I love the breaking sea.

Or if the mountain's austere height
Had mothered me through youthful years,
My loyal heart by noon, by night
Would sing your granite joys and tears.

But I, who from my birth have gone
The yellow sand-dunes' misty way,
Gleaning grave beauty dawn to dawn,
Breathing salt-winds from May to May,

Would find vast prairies like a cell
Of loneliness; tall mountains prove
Only a silent citadel
To hold me from the things I love.

For I am lowland born, and know
How sad, how glad a heart can be
When dawn-blue waters ebb and flow,
And singing sand-dunes call to me!

—*Trails.*

KNOWLEDGE

BY JEANNE KERBRIDGE FISCHER

Three things have I learned
Through fantasy and bitterness of years:
Graciousness of God,
Loneliness of heart,
Futility of tears.

—*Cycle.*

AND THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE

BY GRACE NOLL CROWELL

God planned it so, and therefore it is best.
A river will be there, and a fruiting tree;
But shall not tired pilgrims, needing rest,
Recall the old earth nights, half wistfully?
Recall the quiet dimming of the day;
The soft still darkness slowly coming down;
The first star, starting on its shy, sweet way
Across a wood, a meadow-land or town?

Shall we not miss the tranquil hours of sleep,
The hushed awakenings, to find one near,
Loving, beloved, the silence cool and deep;
The old rooms and the roofs above us here?
God give us time—accustom us to light
Who have been so dependent on the night.

—From *Light of the Years.*
(Harper & Brothers, New York.)

"MY TRUE LOVE IS A VALIANT MAN"

BY KENDALL BANNING

I must bear my head upraised lest it should bend to sorrow;
I must hold my face against the everlasting stars;
Fate that holds the bitter cup will proffer wine some morrow;
Beyond the blackness of the night wait golden avatars.

I must stride with knightly mien lest faltering steps should blunder;
Behind the mask of gallant mirth who but the gods may see?
Proudly must I hold my heart lest it be torn asunder;
"My true love is a valiant man," my dead love said to me.

—*Kaleidograph.*

JERRY CLASON, author of two books of poetry, lives in Columbus, Georgia, loves hunting and traveling. At present she is in the Caribbean, visiting islands of the Spanish Main

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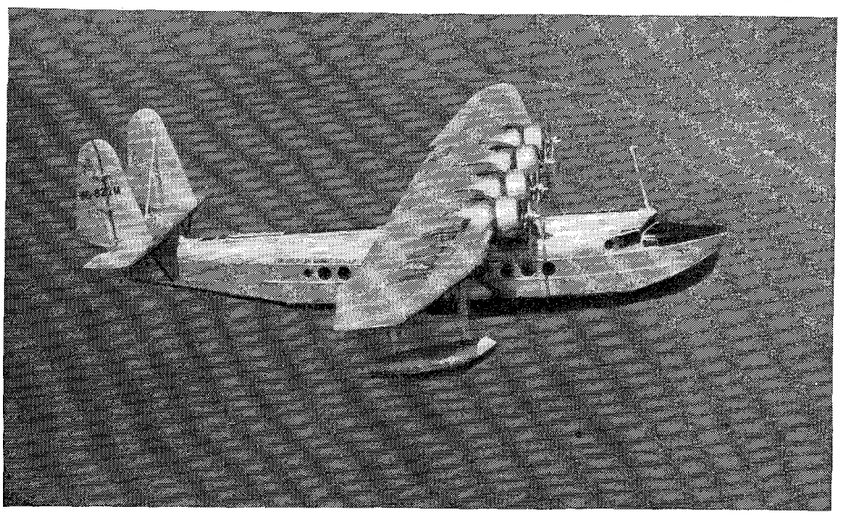
JUST ONE MORE OCEAN TO FLY ACROSS

British-American Agreement Paves Way for Atlantic Clippers



One of the latest clippers of Pan American Airways which, with Imperial Airways, will launch a new transatlantic service

This month, while New Yorkers and Californians swelter, giant clipper-ships of the air are scheduled to take off from the bosom of the Hudson River, bound for Bermuda, the Azores, Lisbon and all Europe beyond. Having spanned every other important body of water with regular passenger and mail service, Pan American and Imperial Airways have determined to conquer the Atlantic this summer.

And while the British and Americans speed their secret plans to completion, the Germans are not idle. Behind the news last week that Col. Charles A. Lindbergh had accepted the invitation of Air Minister Hermann Goering to inspect the Nazi air arm, aviation men saw the possibility that Berlin also was preparing to launch a transatlantic service this summer in conjunction with American interests.

No passengers will accompany the flying dreadnoughts on their first trail-blazing hops eastward, for the crack crews of the British and American air-lines must first test fuel loads, air currents, storm hazards, passenger and mail capacity, time schedules and a hundred other details. By the end of summer, they hope to be carrying ocean commuters from New York to London in thirty hours. The fastest ocean liners require a hundred; the Zeppelin *Hindenburg* forty-five.

In a way, the *Hindenburg* is responsible for the speedy decision of Imperial and Pan American to stop dallying and start flying. The German dirigible had challenged all heavier-than-air craft. Another year, and a fleet of soaring "sausages" might capture the transatlantic trade. It was time for "wings" to take the air.

No Freedom of Air—But for the big air-lines—Imperial, Pan American, the German Lufthansa, Royal Dutch and Air France—taking the air is more easily said than done; for the air is not free. Unlike the oceans that lave nations, the sky that blankets them is also part of them; a property to be leased or lent at the whim of governments. Any of the big air-lines was ready to take over the Atlantic route; none owned all the islands and mainland on that route, and each jealously guarded what its own government controlled.

For the North Atlantic, there were two practical routes—New York, Newfoundland, Ireland, England; and New York, Bermuda, the Azores, Lisbon. Between them, British and American interests could do the trick; alone, neither. And in the high councils of Britain's Imperial Airways, there was a tendency to question the practicability of regular North Atlantic service. The government-subsidized English air-web that spread across three continents to Sydney, Australia, and Cape Town, South Africa, was content to rest on its Empire laurels.

But not Pan American, the nine-year-old prodigy that had ringed South America in a neat little skein of airways, thrown a loop around Alaska, crossed thirty-nine countries and opened up 40,000 miles of sky-trails. A short six years ago, Juan Terry Trippe, far-sighted boss of the world's greatest air system, first dreamed of transocean air service. Last year, he threw his *Clipper* Ships across the American-owned stepping-stones in the Pacific—Hawaii, Midway, Wake, Guam and the Philippines—and set them down in China.

International Drive—Imperial Airways officials blinked in astonishment. The fanfare accompanying the *Hindenburg's* first passenger flight galvanized them into action. By December, representatives of Britain, Ireland and Canada were in Washington, eager to make a deal. In February, German and French emissaries were warming the White House steps; the Continentals were too late.

The outcome of the negotiations with the British was kept carefully secret; but last week newspaper readers might have had at least an inkling of their import, when Viscount Swinton, British Air Minister, announced in the House of Commons that an agreement had been reached with Imperial Airways for the establishment this year of a weekly passenger, mail and freight service between Bermuda and New York. A maximum subsidy would be paid to the line of 18,100 pounds annually, and a capital grant of 34,500 pounds.

Aviation men knew that the two great air-lines had made their peace, for in exchange for permission to land in New York, Imperial would have to obtain the British Government's consent to a reciprocal agreement affecting American ships at Hamilton and in the Azores.

What that will mean to transatlantic travelers is greater comfort-plus-speed than any man believed possible a decade ago, or even a few years ago. It will mean that an American may leave New York or Newark at midnight on Friday, and have an early breakfast in London or Paris on Sunday.

Guided by Radio—While theater crowds course down Broadway, twenty passengers will recline comfortably in bedlike seats as one of the great Pan American flying-boats, probably the *Bermuda Clipper* with a crew of five, headed by a captain who has just scanned his last weather report, climbs from the murky waters. The plane will soar in a wide turn and, with direction-finder tuned in on radio stations at Norfolk, Virginia; Charleston, South Carolina, and Hamilton, Bermuda, will pick its flying level according to broadcast orders from a meteorological station on shore, and flatten out on the course for Bermuda.

For a moment the city's lights will twinkle, then dot the horizon astern. Before the giant plane has been in the air five minutes, the navigator will have called the course to the skipper on the bridge by phone.

After half an hour, the stewardess will turn off the lights. As the giant motors warm to their work, the speed will climb from 150 miles an hour to three miles a minute.

Breakfast in Port—Four hours after the take-off, the passengers will awaken as the pilot, taking over from the robot steering-system, cuts his engines for the long glide down for the landing. With skies still dark, but the horizon beginning to show a rosy glow, and with floating beacons making night landing safe in the Great Sound seaplane base near Hamilton Harbor, the ship will alight. There, waiting, with engines warmed, will be the *Azores Clipper* of Imperial Airways. While the new stewardess serves orange-juice, rolls and steaming coffee, the engines will settle down to the 2,056-mile flight to the Azores.

In the sheltered harbor of Horta, safely out of the rain-squalls over the longest all-water hop, there will be another quick transfer of passengers, mail and express, the assembling of new weather reports, and then a take-off in the dusk on the last leg of the ocean trip, this time for Lisbon, Portugal, six or seven hours away. There, the passengers will separate for the last time, catching planes on old established lines for Berlin, Brisbane or Bombay.

And when the uncertainties of wind and weather, the vagaries of sun and storm and the newness of the routine schedule have been ironed down to the matter-of-fact basis on which land flights have been made for years, officials of the two airways confidently expect the flying time between Europe and America to be cut further. By next year, they say, the time between New York and Paris will be little more than that between New York and Chicago by train.

Thus the mammoth *Clippers* take up the challenge of the *Hindenburg* and the *Queen Mary*. Behind the drama of their exploits lies the faith and work of many men, the patient study of years, and the tireless task of making the world's greatest water trail as safe as the family Ford.

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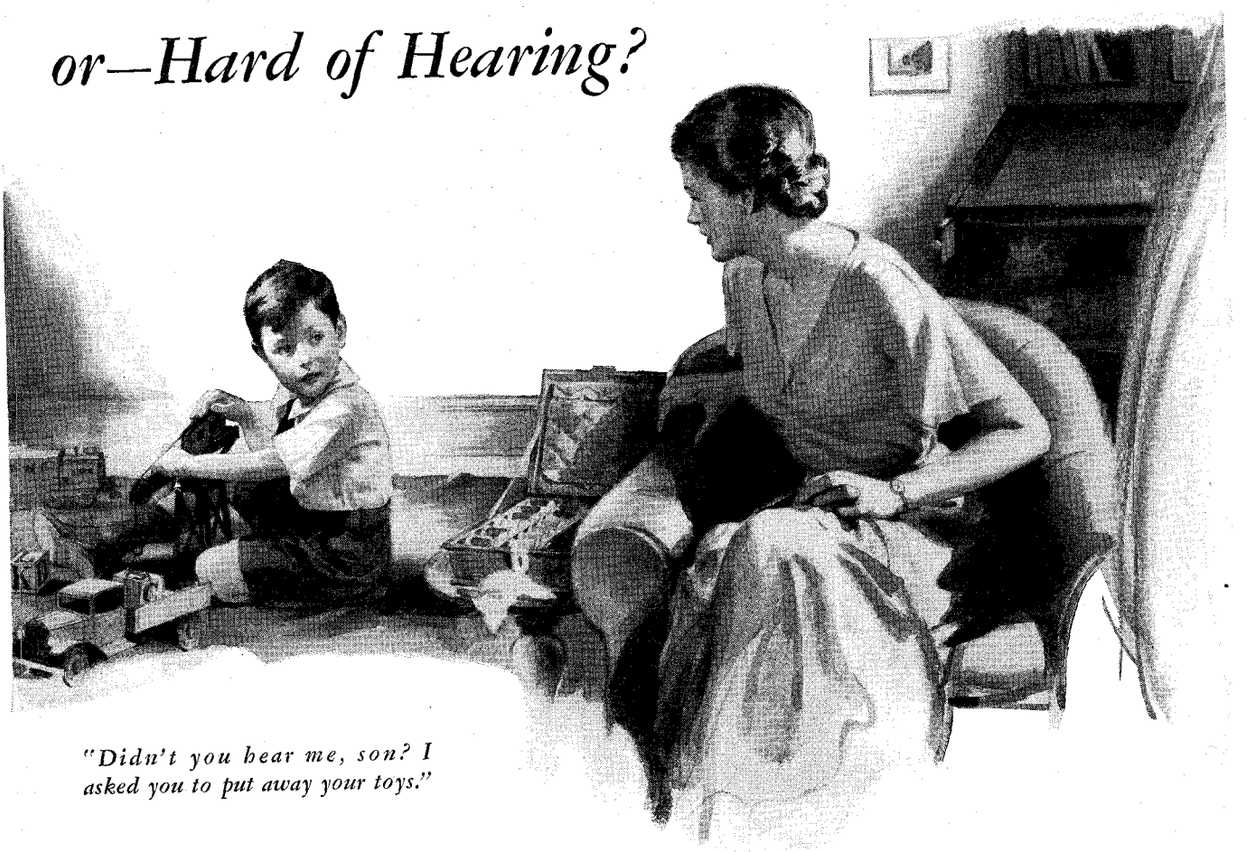
Disobedient?

or—Hard of Hearing?



"Didn't you hear me, son? I asked you to put away your toys."

A CHILD who seems to be disobedient, inattentive or dull may really be unable to hear well. He often assumes a position that favors his hearing. Any habitually unnatural position of his head may indicate impaired hearing.

Parents should watch their boys and girls and observe their response to sounds. Examination of the ears and hearing should always be included as a part of a child's general health check up—particularly during the preschool age.

Many thousands of children who now have hearing defects may be spared lifelong deafness and retarded mental development if ear troubles are promptly detected and receive expert medical care.

Middle-ear abscesses and infections are a frequent cause of deafness. They may result from infections in the nose and throat such as follow common colds, scarlet fever, measles, diphtheria, and influenza. Enlarged adenoids and diseased tonsils are also a danger to hearing.

Ears should be examined after recovery from an attack of any infectious disease.

Schools equipped with an acceptable type of the phonograph audiometer possess an aid of great value in the early discovery of deafness in children.

There are scientifically constructed instruments that assist hearing; but before selecting one of them, a deaf person should consult an ear specialist. Some people are sensitive and hesitate to use these aids to hearing. No one should feel more sensitive about using a hearing aid than about wearing eyeglasses.

The Metropolitan will gladly mail, free, a copy of its booklet "Hearing." Address Booklet Department 836-L.

Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, Chairman of the Board ✓ ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y. ✓ LEROY A. LINCOLN, President

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PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION AS PAGE 2 NEWS

Newspaper of 1789 Had Few Words on Washington Choice

Every day this week, and every day for many weeks, Franklin D. Roosevelt and Alfred M. Landon have made Page One of America's newspapers. The President opened a park, had bacon for breakfast; the Governor rode in a buggy, saw So-and-So.

On April 13, 1789, one George Washington could do no better than three paragraphs on Page Two of the *Pennsylvania Packet and Daily Advertiser,* with the announcement that he had been elected President of the United States.

The item read simply: "The illuftrious GEORGE WASHINGTON, Efquire, was announced Prefident of the United States of America, and his Excellency John Adams, Efquire, Vice Prefident." Page One of John Dunlap's Philadelphia journal was devoted to advertisements of books, ships, wine and fresh lemons from Cadiz.

Small news to the editor of the *Packet,* who had been predicting the Electoral College vote for months, was his terse excerpt from the New York-published *Gazette of the United States.* He buried the article, telling of the first meeting of the Senate and House, coming after "Foreign Intelligence" and the state of trade in Boston. There were no headlines.

Sleepy Carriers—When Dunlap and his partner, David Claypoole, finished folding their papers in the printing-house on Market Street, on a chilly spring dawn, sleepy-eyed carrier-boys distributed them.

No searcher for a scoop was the *Packet's* editor. The day before he had casually mentioned: "Secretary THOMPSON arrived in this city from New York on Thurfday evening; and yefterday morning fet out on his way to the feat of General WASHINGTON, with an account of the General's election to the office of Prefident of the United States," but neglected to get the account from Mr. Thompson himself.

The *Packet* contrasted strangely with the 10,000 American newspapers that follow the 1936 Presidential campaign with photographer, telegraph and air-plane. For s's it often used old-style long S's, like f's. Its news from Europe was three or four months old—letters on the ill health of King George III, debates in Parliament, and anecdotes. American news was often wordy, biased, with important facts buried. The price was fourpence, enough to buy a pound of good Virginia tobacco advertised in the same issue.

Wood-cuts of ships, fire engines, and horses graced advertisements, which were often keyed like to-day's classified ads with such notes as "dtf," which still means "daily, till forbid."

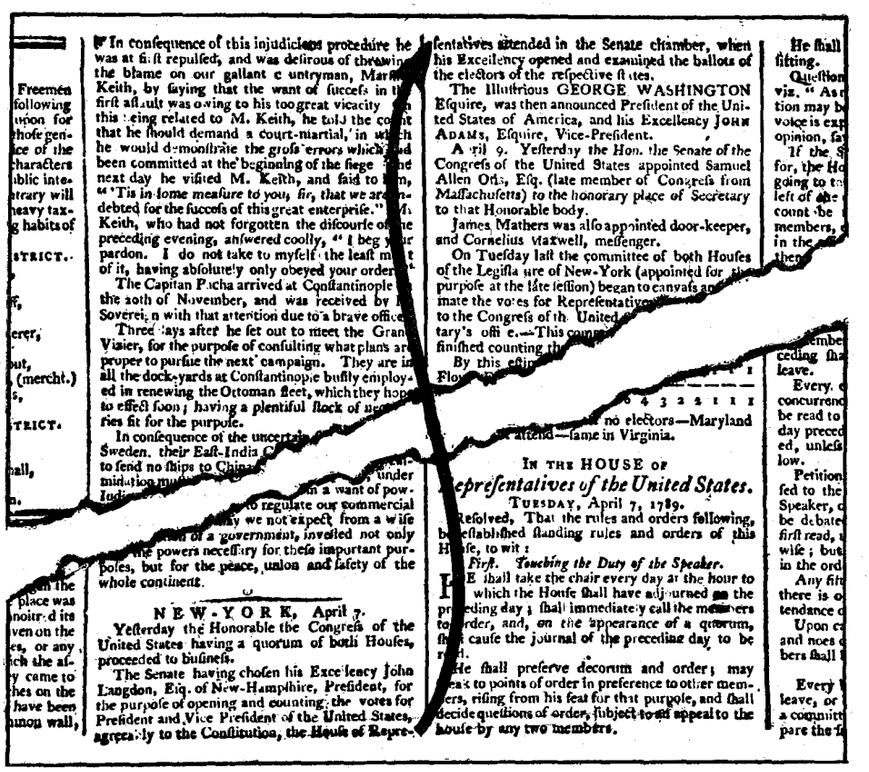
Politicians All—Politics was as important to the eighteenth century editors as to the "press lords" of to-day. Washington was a universal choice, but sharp contests for the Governorships of many States occurred.

Ratification of the Constitution was still an issue. Newspapers and pamphlets had been most important in getting it accepted.

A dinner was reported in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* at which toasts were drunk to Washington, Adams, the Senate, the House, and finally: "May the States of North-Carolina and Rhode-Island foon consider their true interest, and be united to the combined States, or fink into nought."

But on the President and Vice President all were agreed. "Such men will foon refcue our diftreffed country from her prefent degraded fituation and exalt her to importance in the fcale of nations," one editor proclaimed.

The real beginning of the Presidential struggle came in 1796, when Thomas Jefferson and John Adams were running against each other. The *Gazette of the United States* printed a contribution from "Brutus" favoring Adams: "Citizens, this is the crisis, when *foreign powers* will make their *great effort* to *secure* a *lasting influence* over your affairs. Do you wish to become a *department* of France, and to be virtually ruled by commissaries, through a *nominal* President?"



In consequence of this injudicious procedure he was at firft repulfed, and was deftrous of throwing the blame on our gallant countryman, Mar... Keith, by faying that the want of fuccefs in t... firft aflault was owing to his too great vicacity ... this being related to M. Keith, he told the co... that he fhould demand a court-martial,' in wh... he would demonftrate the groffeft errors which ... been committed at the beginning of the fiege ... next day he vifited M. Keith, and faid to ..., "'Tis in fome meafure to you, fir, that we are ... debted for the fuccefs of this great enterprife." ... Keith, who had not forgotten the difcourfe of ... preceding evening, anfwered coolly, "I beg your pardon. I do not take to myfelf the leaft m... of it, having abfolutely only obeyed your orders."

The Capitan Pacha arrived at Conftantinople ... the 20th of November, and was received by ... Sovereign with that attention due to a brave offic...

Three days after he fet out to meet the Gran... Vizier, for the purpofe of confulting what plans ar... proper to purfue the next campaign. They are i... all the dock-yards at Conftantinople bufily employed in renewing the Ottoman fleet, which they hope to effect foon; having a plentiful ftock of ... ries fit for the purpofe.

In conſequence of the uncertain... Sweden, their Eaſt-India C... to ſend no ſhips to China... under miniſtration ... in a want of pow... Indies ... to regulate our commercial ... we not expect from a wiſe ... of a government, inveſted not only ... powers neceſſary for theſe important purpoſes, but for the peace, union and ſafety of the whole continent.

NEW-YORK, April 7.

Yeſterday the Honorable the Congreſs of the United States having a quorum of both Houſes, proceeded to buſineſs.

The Senate having choſen his Excellency John Langdon, Eſq. of New-Hampſhire, Preſident, for the purpoſe of opening and counting the votes for Preſident and Vice Preſident of the United States, agreeably to the Conſtitution, the Houſe of Repreſentatives attended in the Senate chamber, when his Excellency opened and examined the ballots of the electors of the reſpective ſtates.

The Illuſtrious GEORGE WASHINGTON Eſquire, was then announced Preſident of the United States of America, and his Excellency JOHN ADAMS, Eſquire, Vice-Preſident.

April 9. Yeſterday the Hon. the Senate of the Congreſs of the United States appointed Samuel Allen Otis, Eſq. (late member of Congreſs from Maſſachuſetts) to the honorary place of Secretary to that Honorable body.

James Mathers was alſo appointed door-keeper, and Cornelius Waxwell, meſſenger.

On Tueſday laſt the committee of both Houſes of the Legiſlature of New-York (appointed for the purpoſe at the late ſeſſion) began to canvaſs and ... mate the votes for Repreſentatives ... to the Congreſs of the United ... tary's office.—This com... finiſhed counting th...

By this eſti... Flo... 6 4 3 2 2 1 1 1

... no electors—Maryland ... attend—ſame in Virginia.

IN THE HOUSE OF

Repreſentatives of the United States.

TUESDAY, April 7, 1789.

Reſolved, That the rules and orders following, be eſtabliſhed ſtanding rules and orders of this Houſe, to wit:

Firſt. Touching the Duty of the Speaker.

HE ſhall take the chair every day at the hour to which the Houſe ſhall have adjourned on the preceding day; ſhall immediately call the members to order, and, on the appearance of a quorum, cauſe the journal of the preceding day to be read.

He ſhall preſerve decorum and order; may ſpeak to points of order in preference to other members, riſing from his ſeat for that purpoſe, and ſhall decide queſtions of order, ſubject to an appeal to the houſe by any two members.

He ſhall ... ſitting.

Queſtion ... viz. "As ... tion may b... voice is exp... opinion, ſa...

If the S... for, the Ho... going to ta... left of the ... count be ... members, ... in the ... then...

...ceding ſha... leave.

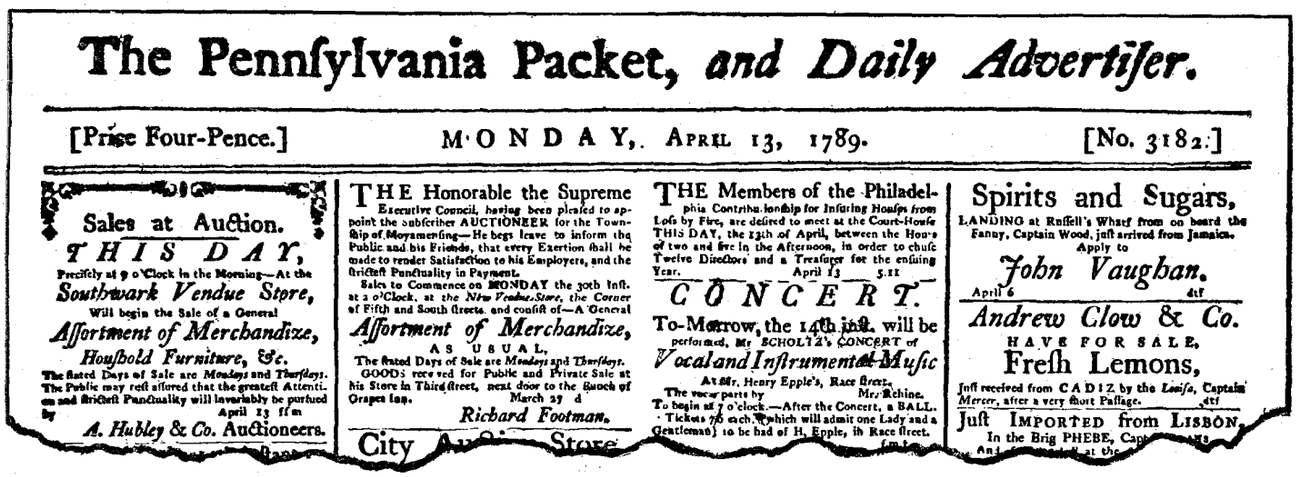
Every ... concurrenc... be read to ... day preced... ed, unleſs ... low.

Petition... fed to the ... Speaker, ... be debate... firſt read, ... wiſe; but ... in the ord...

Any fit... there is o... tendance ... Upon c... and noes ... bers ſhall ...

Every ... leave, or ... a committ... pare the ...

Part of page two of the "Pennsylvania Packet and Daily Advertiser," announcing the first meeting of Congress and the election of George Washington as President of the United States



The Pennſylvania Packet, and Daily Advertiſer.

[Price Four-Pence.] MONDAY, APRIL 13, 1789. [No. 3182.]

Sales at Auction.
THIS DAY,
Preciſely at 9 o'Clock in the Morning—At the
Southwark Vendue Store,
Will begin the Sale of a General
Aſſortment of Merchandize,
Houſhold Furniture, &c.
The ſtated Days of Sale are *Mondays* and *Thurſdays*. The Public may reſt aſſured that the greateſt Attention and ſtricteſt Punctuality will inviolably be purſued by
April 13 ſf m
A. Hubley & Co. Auctioneers.

THE Honorable the Supreme Executive Council, having been pleaſed to appoint the ſubſcriber AUCTIONEER for the Township of Moyamenſing—He begs leave to inform the Public and his Friends, that every Exertion ſhall be made to render Satisfaction to his Employers, and the ſtricteſt Punctuality in Payment.
Sales to Commence on MONDAY the 30th inſt. at 2 o'Clock, at the *New Vendue-Store*, the Corner of Fifth and South ſtreets, and conſiſt of—A General
Aſſortment of Merchandize,
AS USUAL,
The ſtated Days of Sale are *Mondays* and *Thurſdays*.
GOODS received for Public and Private Sale at his Store in Third ſtreet, next door to the Church of Quakers ſign.
March 29 d
Richard Footman.
City Auction Store

THE Members of the Philadelphia Contributionſhip for Inſuring Houſes from Loſs by Fire, are deſired to meet at the Court-Houſe THIS DAY, the 13th of April, between the Hours of two and five in the Afternoon, in order to chuſe Twelve Directors and a Treaſurer for the enſuing Year.
April 13 5.11

CONCERT.
To-Morrow, the 14th inſt. will be performed, Mr SCHOLTZ's CONCERT of
Vocal and Inſtrumental Muſic
At Mr. Henry Epple's, Race ſtreet.
The vocal parts by Mrs Rehine.
To begin at 7 o'clock.—After the Concert, a BALL.
Tickets 7/6 each, which will admit one Lady and a Gentleman, to be had of H. Epple, in Race ſtreet.

Spirits and Sugars,
LANDING at Ruſſell's Wharf from on board the Fanny, Captain Wood, juſt arrived from Jamaica.
Apply to
John Vaughan.
April 6 dtf

Andrew Clow & Co.
HAVE FOR SALE,
Freſh Lemons,
Juſt received from CADIZ by the *Louiſa*, Captain *Mercer*, after a very ſhort Paſſage. dtf
Juſt IMPORTED from LISBON,
In the Brig PHEBE, Capt...

The "front page" in 1789: advertisements of concerts, robberies, Jamaica spirits and sugars

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"RUGGED INDIVIDUALISM" OF THE AIR

How American Programs Compare With British and Dictatorial

Radio in America: commercial programs, such as Major Bowes's Amateur Hour

For years, American radio listeners-in have suffered from a major frustration: inability, due to the one-way flow of sound, to "talk back." Last week, Gov. Harold G. Hoffman of New Jersey "talked back" to Harold T. H. ("Boake") Carter, English-bred, Russian-born news haranguer. In Paterson, New Jersey, papers were filed in a $100,000 what-is-it suit against Commentator Carter, Sponsor Philo, the Columbia Broadcasting System and two CBS stations. The Governor resented such tidbits as "dizzy" and "blundering" about his handling of the Hauptmann case.

The suit gave lawyers, as well as Mr. Carter, something to think about. Was it for slander, or libel? The papers said slander, since unwritten defamation is so classified legally; but inasmuch as the irritating words appeared in what might be described as a "newspaper of the air," reaching many more millions than any printed publication, a nice point was raised.

There are other problems which radio has raised, say the numerous organizations dedicated to solving them—most alert and far-reaching of which is the Women's National Radio Committee. Chief evils: Too much advertising, too much bad advertisting, too much blood, thunder and smut, too little culture, too little education.

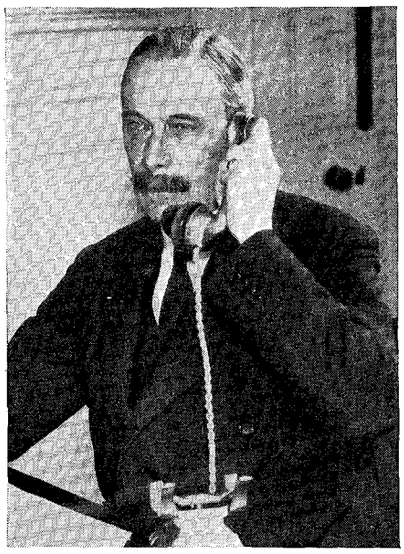
Overseas Example—See how the care-free Englishman spends his evenings at home, the reformers chorus. Not a single sponsor's blurb from 10:15 A.M. till midnight. The British Broadcasting Company is subsidized by the Government. Sole revenue is derived from a tax on sets.

No advertising—no. The fare offered the 6,124,000 radio homes in the British Isles by Postmaster-General G. C. Tryon, M.P., czar of BBC, runs something like this: Modern dance music—time—news—weather—bulletin for farmers—military band—chamber music—music from the movies—symphony—violin solo—time—news—weather—shipping forecast—household hints—symphony—band from Café de Paris—time—dance music—good night. An average of 62 per cent. music (of which 17 per cent. must be classical), 23 per cent. educational, 5 per cent. religion, 5 per cent. news, 5 per cent. children's (wholesome).

Do they like it? Last month the Government issued a new ten-year license for "more of the same"—and the public cheered. Would Americans like such a radio diet?

Recently the country has been treated to a sort of test case: a few years ago, there were more than 500 independent radio stations in the United States, devoted exclusively to educational programs, closed to advertisers; to-day, there are thirty-four. Who drove them out? The public, opines Orestes H. Caldwell, former member of the Federal Radio Commission and Editor of *Radio Today*. "The programs just weren't interesting."

And there is another angle to private rather than government-owned or controlled radio: Those who hanker for the latter, warn the chains, might do well to look at Germany or Italy. In Berlin, Dr. Paul



Keystone

Radio in England: non-commercial programs, supervised by Major Tryon, Postmaster-General

Joseph Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda and Public Enlightenment, rules the radio that serves 6,142,931 homes, as an absolute monarch. Even in liberal Britain, BBC sometimes cancels broadcasts "dangerous to national interests."

Faced with a choice between government control, with its possible loss of liberties, and the present system which, despite its abuses, spends money for the best, the Women's National Radio Committee has elected to try to improve what exists. Already, through its 20,000,000 members in twenty-seven women's organizations throughout the country, it has gone far.

Partly through a mixture of persuasion and coercion, partly through its plan of awards for meritorious programs, it has driven fake medical programs from the air, raised the level of children's programs, persuaded CBS to limit the advertising in all its programs to 10 per cent.

The women of America apparently agree with William Hard, famed commentator, that "the weaknesses of American broadcasting can be better remedied by evolution than by revolution."

Much of the evolution now in progress has as its aim the creation of special types of services for specialized minorities. Schools, particularly, are benefiting from this new urge. Spurred on by the National Advisory Council on Radio in Education, many cities are utilizing this new medium for teaching. W. B. Levenson, Director of Radio Activity for the Public Schools of Cleveland, credits Rochester, New York, with the greatest advancement, but has made rapid strides himself in the Forest City.

He notes that present trends are toward the use of combination radio and gramophone sets in the elementary schools. The gramophone because it permits the teachers to correlate the work better, can be replayed, and regulated as to speed. Elementary schools because there the children pass the day in one class-room.

Special Broadcasts—More and more effort is being expended on children's programs generally, and on work for the blind and deaf. The American Foundation for the Blind has obtained a government grant for this work, and the WPA has under way a project for the deaf.

One might almost say that the wonder is not that the American radio is as bad as it is, but that it is not infinitely worse. Here is an industry which simply did not exist two decades ago. Yet in a generation it has been called upon to entertain 22,501,670 of the 31,000,000 homes in America twenty hours a day, seven days a week. And yet, even during the hectic days when the giant was growing too fast for its breeches, the broadcasters were not insensible to their responsibility to the public. It was the chains, not the reformers, who disciplined "Uncle Don" for a crudely uncomplimentary slip about children when he thought he was off the air; who cut Cab Calloway off the air for jazzing "The Star Spangled Banner," and who forbade Dr. Thomas Parran, Jr., New York State Commissioner of Health, to deliver a lecture on venereal diseases which he had already delivered in Canada.

In the last analysis, the American public will be likely to get what it stands up and shouts for.

Keystone

Radio in Germany: government propaganda, issued by Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels

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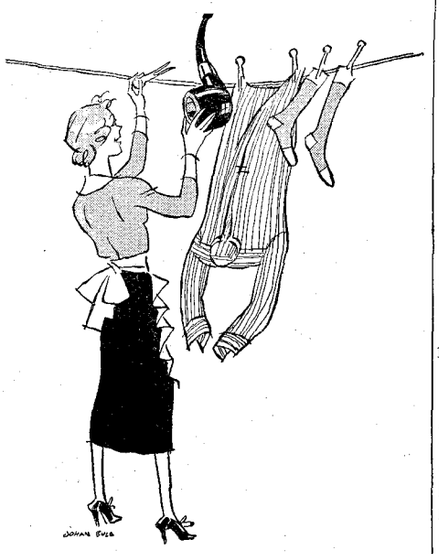
HINT TO WIVES WITH TENDER NOSES



IF he won't clean his pipe and give up that coal-gas tobacco, clip this ad and lay it beside his easy chair along with a pack of pipe cleaners and a tin of Sir Walter Raleigh. 'Tis thus many a loving wife has freed her home from tobacco far too strong and odorous for this sensitive world. Sir Walter Raleigh is a fascinating blend of extra-mild and extra-fragrant Kentucky Burleys. Smoked in a well-kept briar, it makes the air clearer and sweeter, and your curtains stay fresher. It's your move!

SWITCH TO THE BRAND OF GRAND AROMA

SIR WALTER RALEIGH
15¢
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTES
"Sooner or Later - Your Favorite Tobacco"
How to TAKE CARE of your PIPE

UNION MADE

FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. D-67

Social Service

BONUS OF $10,000 FOR A HAUNTED HOUSE

Sum Is Payable by Skeptic on Proof of Any Stunt by a Ghost

Proverbially a weather-beaten, eery-looking place, with grass overgrowing the flagstones, a haunted house lines the edge of many an American village.

Its spooky occupants are part of local tradition, perpetuated largely by hearsay.

Consequently, spiritualists and psychic research experts constantly quarrel over the nature of such phenomena.

Last week, Joseph Dunninger, nationally known magician and mind-reader, offered $10,000 in cash to any one who could produce a haunted house that could not be proved "either a hoax, a myth, or some natural or scientific manifestation." Within two days, he had several prospects.

In 1920, the now defunct *Science and Invention* offered $21,000 to any one producing spiritual phenomena which could not be explained by natural or scientific laws. The magazine put up $1,000; Dunninger and Joseph Rinn, New York psychic research expert, each gave $10,000.

Futile Offer—Two years later, *Scientific American* agreed to pay $2,500 each for a picture of spiritual phenomena and a manifestation of such phenomena that could not be proved realistically. When dozens of investigated cases availed nothing, the award was dropped.

In 1926 the widow of Houdini added $10,000 to *Science and Invention's* fund. Purpose: communication with the great magician through a code arranged before his death.

Unable to prove anything, no medium ever collected.

Undaunted, Dunninger in 1933 offered $10,000 to a medium who could correctly produce ten words of a code message Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, famed British spiritualist, had sent him before his death. No takers appeared.

No believer in life after death, Dunninger has passed many of his thirty-seven years tracking down ghosts in New York, Los Angeles, Seattle and other cities, here and abroad. He is convinced that all so-called spiritual phenomena are produced through conscious trickery or perfectly natural causes. The desire of people to believe, he holds, is the principal explanation of most ghosts.

Youthful Expert—Born on New York's lower East Side, Dunninger discovered his telepathic powers at the age of seven; at twenty he burst onto the stage as a headliner, later created some of the effects used by Houdini, who willed him his psychic research library; toured the world entertaining Kings and Presidents, was in 1923 the first entertainer's voice heard on radio, to-day gets around $1,500 for private performances.

After publishing "Inside the Medium's Cabinet" and "How to Make a Ghost Walk," he is now working on "Haunted Houses." Tall, athletic, a bachelor, Dunninger is cynical about everything supernatural, admits he has a supernormal ability which he refuses to disclose, and uses the "Master Mind of Modern Mystery" on his stationery.

A few years ago, he organized the Universal Council for Psychic Research, which is separate from the American Society for Psychical Research.

Joseph Dunninger, "The Master Mind of Modern Mystery," with a "ghost" of his invention

At séances Dunninger makes it a rule not to interfere, and maintains that, knowing all the tricks, he can do better than the mediums. Investigating haunted houses, he goes directly to the source of the apparition. Called to witness the appearance of a ghostly head in an old Seattle home, he found that leaves of a big elm tree cast a weird profile on the wall.

Like Dunninger, psychic research investigators, privately and for other societies, are constantly peering into the cavernous cellars and cobwebby halls of old houses and castles, at home and abroad. Famous haunted houses to lure them: Sugar House, House of the White Woman, New York; Byrd House, Winchester, Virginia; Tower of London, Hardwick Hall, Windsor Castle, Hampton Court, St. James and Richmond Palaces, all in England; Holyrood Palace, Scotland, Castle of Neuhaus, Bohemia.

Getting ready to stalk his new quarries, around New York, Dunninger said: "I have an open mind. I am anxious to be convinced that such things do exist, but I can't when I am able to produce the same phenomena myself without supernatural assistance."

ROVING YOUTH: CCC, FERA, NYA Aid in Problem of 1,500,000 Wanderers

Searching aimlessly for a job, a place in the world, or escape from stultifying home life, 1,500,000 restless boys and girls flowed out over the nation when the depression struck.

Last week this flood of wandering youth had dwindled to 50,000.

The 50,000 still on the road represent the normal crop of youngsters that summer

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always brings. From case histories of social agencies come the following recital of motives:

Seeking work: Ralph D., twenty, was one of five children of an Arkansas sharecropper. His family was extremely poor, and finally threatened with eviction. Ralph was picked up in Dallas, Texas, where he had gone seeking work to aid the family

Promised job: James M., twenty-two, lost his job in a St. Louis pharmacy early in 1935. His brother wrote from San Francisco that he could arrange a job. But on James's arrival, the brothers quarreled. James was persuaded to return to his home.

Domestic difficulties: Billy J., fifteen years old, left his home after a series of quarrels with his stepmother. When picked up he boasted of riding freight-trains and living in hobo "jungles."

School for Crime—During the worst part of the depression, thoughtful officials had plenty of proof that young boys and girls were learning unfortunate lessons from persons they met in hobo "jungles." An enormous increase appeared in petty crime, and railroad police found it impossible to throw off trains all of those trying to steal rides. The riders stole coal to sell and opened vents on refrigerator-cars, searching for food, and spoiled the fruit inside.

The motion-pictures took up the problem and, in the Russian "Wild Boys of the Road," portrayed the seamy side of tramp life. Magazine articles and books were written dealing with the problem. The better of the former appeared in *The Family, Survey Graphic, The New Republic* and *Commonweal.* Among the books were "Notes of a Vagabond," by Waldmar Bonsels; "The Tramp: His Meaning and Being," by Frank Gary; and "The Milk and Honey Route," by Dean Stiff.

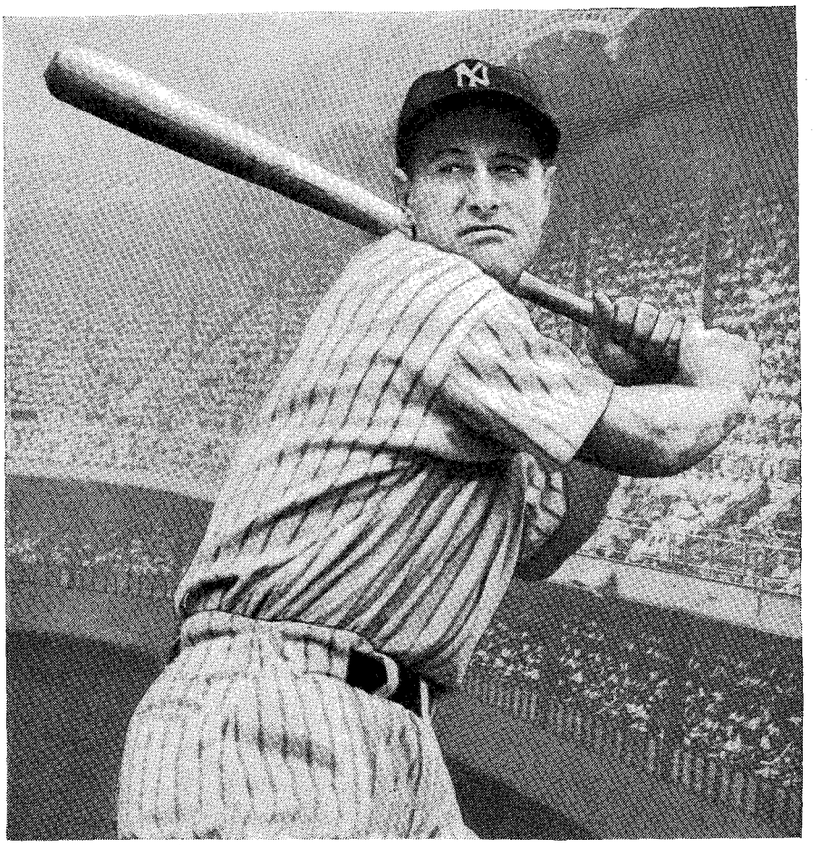
"Jungles" and homeless colonies grew to unbelievable proportions. One of the largest was Hooverville, on the banks of the Mississippi at St. Louis. Nearly 1,000 rat-pestered humans lived there in 1932.

In 1933 the Federal Government formed FERA, and installed a transient division of relief, to provide food, shelter, recreation, education and work for the wanderers. More than 280 "treatment centers" and 312 transient camps were established. Men and boys worked twenty-four to thirty hours a week for maintenance and pay ranging from one to three dollars a week. In September, 1935, authorities decided to abandon these camps. The dissolution, however, has been gradual; there are 105 still in operation, caring for 15,000 persons.

Emphasis has turned toward another class of camp, the Civilian Conservation Corps, in which a million khaki-clad youths now hack underbrush and wield pick and shovel. More than 145,000 have been graduated to permanent jobs from CCC's shifting roll-call that has contained 1,500,000 names. The cost to the nation has been $1,250,000,000 and the value of the forestry work $600,000,000. In addition, the lads have sent home $250,000,000 from their $30-a-month salaries.

Girls in the Woods—Recently plans for "CCC" camps for girls began to take form. Aubrey Williams, Executive Director of the National Youth Administration, says: "The claim has been made that the youth program thus far has made inadequate provision for unemployed girls. During the coming months about fifty resident camps for unemployed women are to be established, some on abandoned CCC camp sites.

Psychologically, the camps do their work. But there still remains the question of



For Clean-up King I Nominate...

By Lou Gehrig

New York Yankees' Clean-up Ace Makes Novel Choice for All-Time Honor

I DON'T need to tell baseball fans how important the "clean-up" (number-four) man is in the batting line-up. With three reliable hitters batting ahead of him, it is his wallops that bring in the runs.

In my thirteen years of big league baseball I have watched some of the most famous "clean-up" men in the history of the game. But the other day in Boston I had the pleasure of seeing the "clean-up" king that gets my vote for the "all-time" honors. Strangely enough, this "clean-up" king isn't a slugger at all. Instead of cleaning up the bases, this one cleans up faces.

Here's how it happened. While in Boston playing the Red Sox, I made an inspection trip through the Gillette Safety Razor factory. There I discovered that what is true of baseball is also true of Gillette Blades. In baseball, the pick of the raw material is tried out, tested, and trained for the big league teams. At the Gillette factory I found that they buy only the finest steel, and put it through gruelling tests before it is made into Gillette Blades.

For instance, like a rookie baseball player, Gillette Blade steel has to be hardened and tempered. To do this, Gillette uses electric furnaces, each one controlled by a device which can tell in an instant if the steel passing through the furnaces requires more heat or less heat. Faster than a speed-ball, the signal is flashed from the box to a great battery of switches, and the heat is raised or lowered accordingly. Then to make doubly sure that there is no possibility of error, they X-ray the steel with an electro-magnetic tester to detect hidden flaws.

A good ball player has to have precision and accuracy, too . . . and that's where Gillette chalks up a winning score. Grinding machines, adjustable to 1/10,000 of an inch give Gillette Blades shaving edges so keen you can't see them, even with the most powerful microscope.

These are some of the reasons why I nominate the Gillette Blade for all-time Clean-up King. For when it comes to cleaning up on stubborn bristles—with the greatest of ease and comfort—Gillette hits a home run with the bases loaded. Yes, Sir! —if baseball could only train players as accurately and efficiently as Gillette makes razor blades, we'd all bat 1000.

With these important facts before you, why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

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fitting young people into permanent jobs. On June 26, 1935, President Roosevelt signed an executive order creating the National Youth Administration to establish employment bureaus and grant college and high school students cash aid. By May of this year the NYA had extended cash benefits of $50,000,000 to 628,000 young people, and during the fiscal year of 1937, another $71,000,000 will be spent.

To the Open Road—Rare indeed to-day are such stories as that which came from Hamilton, Ohio, last week. Marcella Swoboda, sixteen-year-old high school student of Hamilton, disappeared from her home for the second time within a month. In her belongings was found a letter inviting her to join a Young Hobo Union, composed of boys and girls between fifteen and eighteen who like to hitch-hike.

"It is true that there is a great deal of unemployment," Dr. Louis Dublin, famous statistician, reported to the *American Magazine* upon completing a survey of a million cases. "The figures run into millions. Actually, however, the figures represent less than one-fifth of the employable population. The chances of the average youth of twenty getting a job are four out of five, even during the depression period."

Acme

Mrs. Violet van der Elst: her wrath descends on women who pray during executions

WOMEN POISONERS:

Death Meted Out in U. S. and England, Despite Opposition

Scant mercy has been the lot of women poisoners down through the centuries. Branded as *Borgias* after the legends attaching to notorious Lucrezia Borgia (1480-1519), their crimes usually brought them horrible deaths.

For years in France only *empoisonneuses* were sure to lose their heads under the guillotine's shining blade. Almost everywhere to-day they evoke only nominal interest from societies for abolition of capital punishment. Last week was no exception for two women prisoners.

In England, Mrs. Charlotte Bryant, thirty-three, mother of five children, dropped through the gallows trap at Exeter Prison. Conviction: giving arsenic to her husband over love for a pedler.

© International

Jacob Ciemiengo (right) with George Hildebrand: their case aroused successful protests

The next night in Sing Sing Prison, New York, Mrs. Frances Creighton, thirty-eight, mother of two children, was the first condemned person ever wheeled to the electric chair in that place. Conviction. giving, with Everett Appelgate, her paramour, also electrocuted, arsenic to Appelgate's wife.

Almost the sole sympathizer for England's poisoner was Mrs. Violet van der Elst, spectacular opponent of capital punishment. Plump and forty-four, Mrs. van der Elst is the widow of a Belgian shaving-cream manufacturer. A superb showman, she is credited with spending $20,000 weekly in her crusade.

Corporation Official—Between spiritualist meetings, she directs the work of three corporations and ten factories left her by her husband, writes advertisements for the joy of it, thumbs through her 3,000 volumes on witchcraft and black magic, and studies criminology.

Unlike the Winson Green Prison demonstration on April 16 for another mother of five children, Mrs. Dorothea Waddingham, who poisoned two patients in her nursing-home, Mrs. van der Elst's Exeter show proved a flop.

All week she had sent vans lumbering up and down London streets with loud-speakers denouncing the execution.

Almost outwitting prison authorities who advanced the execution an hour, Mrs. van der Elst whizzed up to the gates in her cream-colored, poster-covered limousine fifteen minutes before the trap was sprung. Slipping past a rope barrier, she was seized by police as she attempted to speak, marched off to court, fined $25.

Back in her luxurious Kensington, London, home, dressed in her habitual mourning, Mrs. van der Elst said: "I have positive proof that Mrs. Bryant was not guilty. Her husband was a confirmed arsenic eater." Then she announced she would start for the United States late in September or early in October.

Praise for Chicago—"I hope to open a nation-wide speaking tour in New York, and visit Chicago, where, despite gangsters, late evidence after a trial can be introduced, whereas such a thing is prohibited in Great Britain."

On quitting England, which in 1800 had 200 crimes punishable by death, the lone champion of the condemned will leave the field temporarily to the National Council for the Abolition of the Death Penalty. Offshoot of the Howard League for Prison Reform, it issues 130,000 pieces of literature annually, provides lecturers, is ever active in Parliament, and doubts the ultimate value of Mrs. van der Elst's work.

Stomping down the gang-plank in the United States, Mrs. van der Elst will find forty-one of the forty-eight States still inflict the death penalty.

Working to end the supreme penalty in all States is the American League to Abolish Capital Punishment, founded in New York in 1925. First President was Lewis E. Lawes, Warden of Sing Sing; current head is Clarence Darrow. Confining individual cases ordinarily to minors, this organization did not intercede for Mrs. Creighton. It did, however, for Jacob Ciemiengo, sixteen-year-old New Jersey boy, who with George Hildebrand, twenty-eight, killed a poultry farmer.

Mercy Orders—To its petitions and letters were added the voices of clergymen and social workers throughout the State. Last week, not only Ciemiengo and Hildebrand, but Jerry May, fifteen-year-old slayer of his uncle, won commutations of sentences.

An independent newcomer in the field is the League for Justice and Philanthropy. Heading it is the Rev. D. G. Werner, spiritual adviser of Bruno Richard Hauptmann in his last days.

In Holland the Socialist and Labor International directs not only a local but an international crusade. France has several small groups against the guillotine.

Sounding the key-note of all these groups, Warden Lawes, who described the Creighton execution as the "most horrible in memory," said: "The argument that capital punishment is necessary as a process of elimination is faulty; it is unscientific in its application.

"The idea of punishment of any type solely as retribution is gradually disappearing. History condemns capital punishment. It must not be forgotten that the death penalty has been tried before on a colossal scale, judged and found wanting."

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Off-Side

Gossip Eliminator—The town of Mulhouse, France, has an antigossip stone hanging outside the City Hall. In days gone by the stone was placed about the necks of tattle-tales. Carved in it is a woman sticking out her tongue, and an old ditty which says (roughly translated):

I am the tattle-tale stone,
To each poisoned tongue well known
Those who are chatty
Quarrelsome, catty,
Must carry me all day long.

To-day the people of Mulhouse are notoriously reticent and industrious.

* * *

Rattlers' Olympic—Earlier this month, Carlsbad, New Mexico, held the first rattlesnake derby known. Seventy-five snakes competed. Carried to the center of a 100-foot circle, they were placed with tails touching a metal plate to which "heat" was applied at the starter's signal. The first snake to reach the edge of the ring won.

Ringside seats were not at the usual premium despite a double fence to make it "absolutely safe for the spectators."

* * *

Crime Graduate—When police raided the home of Clifford Giroux of Williamstown, Massachusetts, now appealing a $250 fine for illegally selling, keeping and maintaining a liquor nuisance, they found a diploma from the "College of Bootlegging," conferring on him the degree of "first-class bootlegger."

* * *

Feverish Forests—Trees can run temperatures. Thermometers inserted into tree-trunks at the Missouri Botanical Gardens, St. Louis, showed internal heat of seventy-four degrees, eleven points short of where they begin to lose their foliage. During the 1934 drought some trees registered 108.

* * *

Poisonous Pawing—Curiosity killed a cat near Wadley, Georgia, recently. A farmhand had just cut off and buried a rattlesnake's head, when along came a cat to investigate the freshly turned sand. The rattlesnake's head closed on the cat's paw. In a few minutes the cat was dead.

* * *

Marriage Addicts—Just married for the fourth time in two years without even one divorce, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Heacock of Houston, Texas, are planning another wedding in six months. "I believe in honeymoons," Mr. Heacock explained, "lots of them."

* * *

Frozen Scream—During her first roller-coaster ride, Miss Ruth Ferguson of Brooklyn, New York, opened her mouth to scream and her jaws locked. It took a doctor twenty minutes to snap them back into place.

* * *

Morbid Ambition—Mrs. Joan Findlay, of Los Angeles, filed suit for divorce because her husband "persistently discussed his ambition to become a hangman," much to the annoyance of herself and guests.

* * *

Prostrated Teeth—It was so hot in Perry, New York, last week that when Luther D. Luce laid his false teeth on the window-sill, the sun melted the plate, scattering the teeth.

You're never down —

When the horse runs home
And the ground is hard,
When you wish you were safe
In your own back yard—

Don't faint, don't scream
And don't count ten—
Just rip off the wrapper
And yield to that yen,
For a s-o-o-t-h-i-n-g
Stick of Beech-Nut!

..unless you're out of BEECH-NUT GUM

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ORALGENE... Its firmer texture gives much needed mouth exercise... and its dehydrated milk of magnesia helps neutralize mouth acidity. Each piece individually wrapped.

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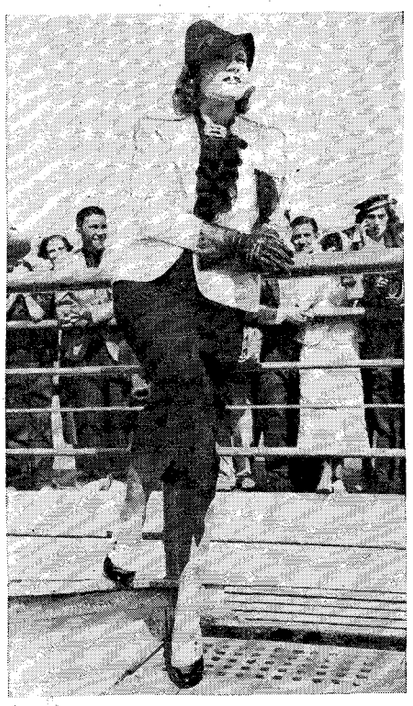
Parade

"The one book I want and can't get is a 1593 'Venus and Adonis,'" declared **Dr. Abraham S. Wolf Rosenbach** on his sixtieth birthday. "It was the first work of Shakespeare to appear in print and the only copy is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. The value? Somewhere around $250,000."

Rounding out five decades of book-collecting, the Philadelphia multimillionaire bibliophile knows of few rare items which, if they have not already passed through



Acme

Marlene Dietrich: "In Hollywood . . . nobody notices me. I'm just another movie actress"

his hands, he could not buy. Starting early as a fancier, Doctor Rosenbach has never collected anything but books; nearly a million tomes in Latin, English and French have come into his possession.

He paid $78,500 for the original manuscript of "Alice in Wonderland"; $51,000 for the autograph of Button Gwinnett, a signer of the Declaration of Independence; and $106,000 for a Gutenberg Bible—said to be the highest sum ever offered for a book at auction. He has also given more than a million dollars for several libraries. Admitted expert and enthusiast, Doctor Rosenbach was nevertheless perplexed, if amused, when an enterprising film concern queried him recently on the market value of a Shirley Temple autograph.

When cinema villains behave too badly in a story, natives of the Philippines show no hesitancy in throwing bolo-knives at the screen, declared **C. L. Brookheim**, representative in the Far East for Universal Films. The result is that theater-owners there now keep a supply of paper screens on hand for any emergency.

Miss Louise Converse Morgan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Junius Spencer Morgan, will marry Raymond Skinner Clark, social leader.

The first air-plane cradle has been ordered by **Felix du Pont, Jr.**, who likes to pilot his own seaplane and take his four-month-old son for rides. The baby is said to be an ardent aviation enthusiast.

A six-pound son was born to **Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt** in Fort Worth, Texas. It is their second child and the seventh grandchild for President Roosevelt.

In his second year at Friends Academy at Locust Valley, Long Island, **Oliver Burr Tweedy**, fourteen, has been made a commodore by the Bayville Yacht Club. The boy succeeded a man more than fifty years his senior and is believed to be the youngest holder of such a title in the world. The reason for the honor emanates from the interest in yachting his enthusiasm and activity have engendered. At a cost of only $62, Tweedy purchased, reconditioned and completely equipped a sailing-boat two summers ago. Naming it the *Pick Up*, he entered the races of the Club and won a succession of victories. With only four years' experience on the water, he looks forward to going to Annapolis or becoming a yacht designer. His sister Cleo, sixteen, is his "crew," whereas his sister Mary, twelve, acts as "crew" for rival craft.

Having vainly searched Ireland for another of his own name, **George M. Cohan**, actor, producer and writer, returned disappointed from the land of his ancestors. His chagrin was so great he refused even to kiss the Blarney stone.

It will cost **Merrill J. Liberty** of Bayonne, New Jersey, $48 for reading "Anthony Adverse." Borrowing the book in August, 1933, he has not yet returned it. A lending library won a judgment for $43 rental at five cents a day and the initial cost of $5 for the marathon novel.

Because he washes his clothes on Sunday and hangs them out to dry, **Broadus Mitchell**, Johns Hopkins University faculty member and 1934 Socialist candidate for Governor of Maryland, has upset neighbors in an exclusive residential district of Baltimore.

Accompanied by twenty trunks, twenty-nine handbags, two maids and her eleven-year-old daughter, Maria, **Marlene Dietrich** traveled from Hollywood to London. Because of kidnap threats, the daughter was sheltered from the limelight, but the film actress once again garnered head-lines at each stopover. Miss Dietrich spoke principally on four subjects: her husband, whom she is to meet in Paris; her screen favorites, Greta Garbo and Ronald Colman; her legs, which she denied were injured by a recent accident on the desert, and herself. "In Hollywood when I walk down the street," she beamed, "nobody notices me. I'm just another movie actress out there."

Robert Pershing Wadlow, eighteen, of Alton, Illinois, has been declared the tallest person in medical history. He is eight feet five inches and weighs 425 pounds.

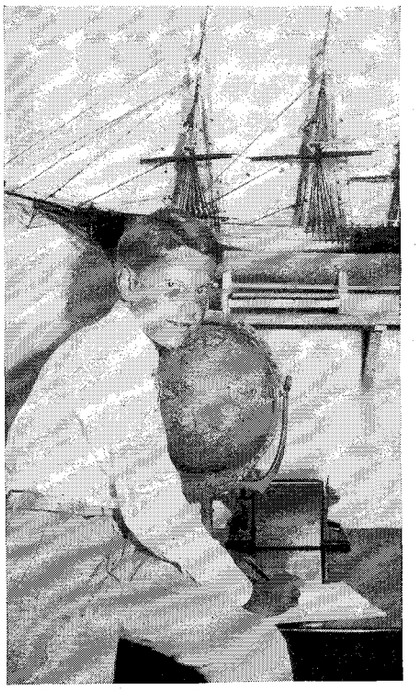
George W. Norris, veteran Nebraska Senator, passed his seventy-fifth birthday without stating whether he would run for a fifth term in the Senate.

Mrs. Mary Dillon died in Philadelphia at eighty. She was the widow of Luke Dillon, Irish patriot, who tried to blow up the Welland Canal in 1900 and prevent the British from exporting grain during the Boer War.

The former **Mrs. Marie Tudor Garland Hale** secretly married J. Allen Fiske of Peoria, Illinois, last October, it was announced by her son, Hamilton Garland. It was her fifth marriage, the second of which cost her a $10,000,000 forfeit.

"There's not a German writer left in Germany who is worth thinking about," maintained **Mrs. Alfred Knopf**, publishing executive, on her return from Europe. "The gifted writers and enterprising publishers who had any independence have all left Germany. Only Nazi writers and publishers remain. They write and publish to please the Nazi Government.

"The hardships of the *emigrés* are intensified because they wield a power which the Nazis fear and use every means to combat. The plight of the *emigrés* is tragic, not only because they are without a homeland,



New York *Herald Tribune* Photo by Frank

Oliver Burr Tweedy: His "Pick Up" brought him the title of commodore at the age of fourteen

but because their literary output can not be distributed in Germany."

The snapping-turtle has been declared "Public Fish and Game Enemy No. 1" in Connecticut and has been banned from streams and ponds. "Snapping turtles," said **Supt. Arthur L. Clark**, "are the worst destroyers of the wild life of Connecticut."

Joseph Ricci of Troy, New York, bakery truck-driver, is the first one-armed licensed air pilot in the country. "He's far more capable and careful than some two-armed pilots I've seen," said Robert Aldrich, Director of the Troy airport.

Cardinal Binet, Archbishop of Besancon, died in Paris at the age of sixty-seven. During the War he enlisted as a stretcher-bearer and was three times awarded the *Croix de Guerre* for gallantry and help to the wounded.

Rear Admiral Richmond P. Hobson, Spanish-American war hero, reviewed 1,500 fellow veterans of '98 at a St. Lawrence River motor-boat parade.

Taking in a motion-picture, a long automobile ride and a party, **Birdsall Sweet** celebrated his eighteenth birthday at Poughkeepsie, New York. He is the infantile paralysis victim who has lived the last four years by means of an "iron lung" respiration device.

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Sport and Sportsmen

UNSTARRED ROWING CREW CHAMPIONS

They Require Weak, But Intelligent Minds, Plus Strong Backs

According to qualified cynics, a good oarsman must possess just two qualities: a strong back and a weak mind. The first for the weary, endless pull on heavy oars; the second for the patience to stare fixedly at nothing more exciting than the middle of another sweating athlete's neck.

The twenty-nine tanned, muscled oarsmen who sailed last week to represent the United States in the Olympic Games know better. They know rowing takes not only courage and stamina and strength, but, principally, an intelligent understanding of the sport itself.

And rowing does take intelligence. Lots of it. Particularly in the eight-oared event, where the member of even a world's championship crew gets about as much personal recognition as a subway-train engineer.

Anonymity is the key-note of a successful eight. Every man in the boat must consciously sacrifice his individuality to the mass personality of the crew. He must realize that in rowing, more than in any other team sport, there is no such thing as a star.

Need of Cooperation—Consequently, a shrewd coach picks his men, not on the basis of size or strength or past experience, but mainly for their ability to work in unison without disagreements or petty jealousies.

Take this year's University of Washington crew, for instance, representatives of the United States at the Olympics in August. Not one of the eight had any rowing experience before he entered college, for, despite a tremendous interest in rowing, no preparatory or high schools on the Pacific Coast support crews.

Using his "personality choice" system on strictly raw material, Coach Al Ulbrickson has built one of the greatest rowing navies ever developed in this country. In April the Washington varsity, junior varsity, and freshman boats won all three races from their traditional rival and only serious competitor on the Coast, the University of California.

Late in June they swept the Poughkeepsie regatta against the picked oarsmen of the country, a feat no college had accomplished in more than twenty years. Two weeks later the varsity won the final Olympic tryouts at Princeton, New Jersey, from California, Pennsylvania and the New York Athletic Club crews.

Dominating Skill—Naturally, rowing technique played a large part. In recent years Western strategy has dominated the American rowing scene. California, Olympic champions of 1928 and 1932, won the four-mile grind down the Hudson River from Poughkeepsie in the three runnings previous to this year's.

Simply stated, the Western, or Washington, system revolves around the Conibear stroke, an invention of a man who never rowed a racing-shell. In 1907 Hiram Conibear, erstwhile trainer of six-day bicycle racers and of the Chicago White Sox baseball team, took over the rowing situation at Washington.

He crammed down facts from a textbook on physics, read up on popular rowing tactics of other schools, and used up great quantities of paper and pencil. By 1916 he perfected the theory.

Under the Conibear method, maximum power is applied at the beginning of the stroke, just after the oar-blade enters the water, instead of at the finish, as was and still is the practise of most Eastern crews. The stroke allows a quick recovery and gives the shell a steady, uninterrupted run through the water.

When Conibear died in 1917, his system was just catching on. Using it, Washington has won four and placed second in four of the fourteen Poughkeepsie regattas since 1922.

Heroic Athlete—Ulbrickson, rangy, affable coach at Washington since 1928, stroked the Husky eight to two victories at Poughkeepsie, in 1924 and 1926. In the final quarter-mile of the latter race, he tore loose the muscles in one arm, but kept up the beat until his shell crossed the finish-line.

He was married while an undergraduate and has a five-year-old son. He is unspectacular, diffident and as quietly confident that he has the best crew in the country as the boys themselves are.

Ulbrickson doesn't believe in overworking his boys. For two months in the fall he teaches freshmen the fundamentals of rowing. Varsity candidates don't do any rowing until mid-January, when they start training for the California race. When that's over, they get a two- or three-week lay-off before practising for the Poughkeepsie regatta.

Ulbrickson's ideal crewman stands between six feet one and two. Height is necessary for a long, powerful sweep of the oars. Weight is not so important. The Washington coach prefers men between 170 and 180 pounds.

Giant Team—His undefeated 1936 varsity crew is one of the tallest in the country, averaging six feet three inches. All the boys are native Washingtonians, and all are working their way through college.

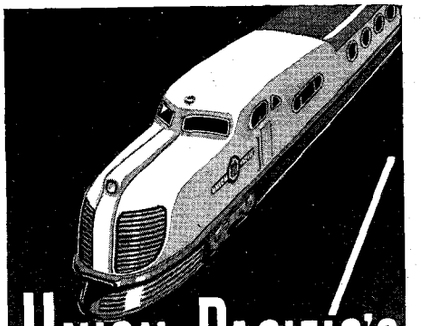
But it takes more than good material and a good coach to produce a winning crew. It takes good equipment as well. In George Pocock, Ulbrickson has probably the finest boat-builder in the country. Pocock shells are used by virtually every major crew.

The sons of a famous boat-builder at Eaton, in England, George and his brother Dick were champion scullers more than twenty years ago. Both were at Washington from 1914 until 1922, when Dick went to Yale to take charge of the boat-house.

The Pocock shell is a slender, graceful racing-galley so stream-lined that it seems to be in motion while it's still on the "horses" in George's shop adjoining the Washington boat-house at Seattle.

Narrow Craft—Sixty-one feet long, the shell has a maximum width of two feet, a depth of less than ten inches. The entire hull, from stem to stern, is rounded. The "skin," or planking, is of Western red cedar, less than an eighth of an inch thick.

Oarsmen getting into a boat are careful not to step on the "skin" itself. If they did, they'd go right through. To support



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City of Portland
The pioneer transcontinental Streamliner. Only one night en route between Chicago-Portland, on a 39¾-hour schedule. 7 cars —Pullman and coach equipped —no extra fare. 5 "sailings" a month, each direction.

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Most luxurious train on wheels. A 12-car Streamliner operating on a 16-hour schedule—overnight service!—between Chicago and Denver. Experience the pleasure of traveling on this superb train. Pullmans — coaches.

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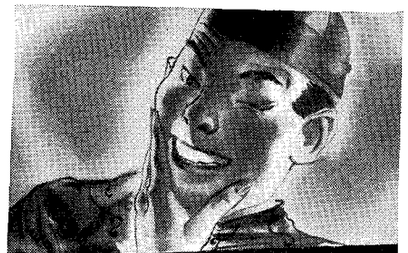

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GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

their weight, the tracks on which the sliding-seat runs, as well as the "stretcher-boots," or footbraces, are suspended from sturdy Alaska white cedar gunwales.

It takes weeks of searching for just the right kind of wood, and from 400 to 800 actual working hours to fashion one of the fragile craft. So cleverly is it designed that a boat weighing only 300 pounds can support almost a ton of oarsmen.

This year George Pocock made eight shells, sold them at the regular price of $1,150. His shells are usually good for ten years. But most colleges buy a new one each year for the varsity, turning over the previous model to junior varsity, 150-pound, freshman, or class crews.

For their 1936 campaign the Washington varsity bought a new boat, the *Husky Clipper*. They turned over to the junior varsity their old shell, *Husky*, in which the crew of 1933 won the international sprint championship at Long Beach, California.

For three weeks previous to the Olympic races in August, the *Husky Clipper* will coast through daily time-trials on Berlin's famous regatta course at Grünau, on the Dahme River. German engineers have enlarged the course to permit six boats to race simultaneously, have erected three special boat-houses with accommodations for 200 shells, and arranged seats and standing-room along the elm-shaded riverbank for 40,000 people.

Legendary Scene—The American oarsmen will stay in the historic Cöpenick Castle, built on the site of a sixteenth century palace of the Elector Frederick William. The castle is now used as a seminary.

Cöpenick, a few miles from the Grünau regatta-course, is an island town at the juncture of the Dahme and Spree Rivers. It is ten miles southeast of Berlin, and almost twenty miles from the Reichssportfeld, scene of 90 per cent. of the Games this year.

In addition to the eight-oared championship, won by this country in 1904, 1920, 1924, 1928 and 1932, American rowers will compete against twenty-three nations in single sculls, double sculls, four-oared shells and pair-oared shells.

The entry list, largest in the history of the Games, includes Argentina, Australia, Austria, Belgium, Canada, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Estonia, France, Germany, Great Britain, Holland, Hungary, Italy, Japan, New Zealand, Norway, Peru, Poland, South Africa, Sweden, Switzerland and Yugoslavia. The official language is French.

LAWN BOWLING: Revival of a Gentle Game Played Thousands of Years Ago

The silent, graceful curve of bowls spinning leisurely across velvet-like greens, the soft click of ball against ball, and the restrained murmurs of ancient, white-flanneled players, have for years stamped lawn bowling as one of the gentlest and, therefore, least interesting games.

Americans prefer games with fast action, tingling thrills and plenty of noise. Contrary to the established formula, they are fast restoring lawn bowling to prominence as one of the most popular outdoor sports.

On the smooth "rinks" of the municipal greens in Buffalo's Delaware Park this Monday, the best of America's 50,000 or more addicts will meet Canadian experts in the annual International Championship: old fogies and youngsters alike, for the revival of interest has not been confined to people too tottering to compete in other more strenuous sports.

Playing Wide-Spread—According to incomplete figures of the National Recreation Association, 163,332 people used 119 public greens in thirty American cities last year. Sixty cities reported a total of 188 greens. And more than ninety private clubs, with memberships ranging from forty-five to 360, were registered with the American Lawn Bowling Association.

Probably the principal reason for renewed interest in the 700-year-old game is that it is relatively inexpensive to play. The major item is a set of four balls, or bowls. They cost as little as $25 a set and last for years.

Secondly, for all its lack of the spectacular element, lawn bowling demands considerable skill and finesse. Rules have changed little since the hot July afternoon

© International

The University of Washington crew: their "Husky Clipper" will represent the United States at the Olympic Games in August

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in 1588 when, according to legend, Sir Francis Drake played out the last "end" on Plymouth Hoe before dashing off to tackle the Spanish Armada.

Unlike indoor bowling, there are no pins to knock down. The object is to roll the sixteen-and-one-half-inch bowls as close to a two-and-one-half-inch white porcelain object ball, commonly known as a "jack" or "kitty," as possible.

Rinks and Turf—The green of close-clipped turf is 120 feet square, divided into six "rinks," twenty feet wide, on which individual and team matches are played. A ditch six inches deep and eighteen inches wide, with a two-foot bank on its outer rim, surrounds the green.

In a four-man match the two captains, or "skips," go to the "jack" end of the rink and direct their players' shots. The lead man of the first team rolls the jack down the rink, then tries to place his bowl as close to it as possible.

When each player on both teams has rolled two bowls apiece in rigid conformity to the "skip's" orders, the "skips" take their turn.

The bowls, weighing only three and a half pounds, as compared with the sixteen pounds of the average indoor ball, are of very hard wood, lignum-vitæ, or composition. The interesting, and difficult, feature of bowling them is that they aren't quite round.

One side of the bowl is turned down slightly more than the other. This is the "bias."

It gives the ball a curve of at least three feet at a distance of thirty-two yards. Experts can curve a bowl through openings scarcely wider than the ball itself.

The Rules—A bowl that plops into the ditch without first touching the "jack" is "dead"; if it hits the "jack" first, it stays there and counts in the scoring. A "jack" bounced into the ditch by a ball is left there, and the "skip" indicates its position by holding a white handkerchief over it.

Twenty-one innings, or "ends," constitute a game. At the finish of each "end," the referee measures the distance between the "jack" and each of the sixteen bowls, awarding points accordingly. Each bowl is numbered.

While some historians insist an original version of lawn bowls was played in Greece and Egypt thousands of years ago, the oldest bowling club on record was founded in Southampton, England, in 1259. Members still play on the thirteenth century green.

British soldiers brought the game to America around 1725, and played it on the famous Bowling Green at the lower end of Broadway in New York City.

In 1879 Christian Schepflin, known as the "father of American bowling," formed the first bowling club at Dunellen, New Jersey.

There is no Bobby Jones of lawn bowling. But eight of the better tournament performers are more than eighty years old. In 1934 the American national singles champion was Fred Chaplin, Jr., a sixteen-year-old Brooklyn, New York, schoolboy.

SPORT SHOTS

Ever since Max Schmeling's amazing twelfth-round knock-out of Joe Louis, sensational young Negro heavy-weight boxer, last June, disgruntled backers have been posing elaborate alibis for their favorite's stunning upset.

Last week in Chicago, a dapper, forty-six-year-old Negro private detective, Sheridan A. Bruseaux, offered a solution that tested the credulity of even the most loyal Louis alibier.

Bruseaux filed an affidavit that Louis told relatives he had been "doped" with a hypodermic needle just before the fight, and had been unable to use his left arm as a proper defense against Schmeling's right-hand punches.

In Detroit, Louis told reporters:

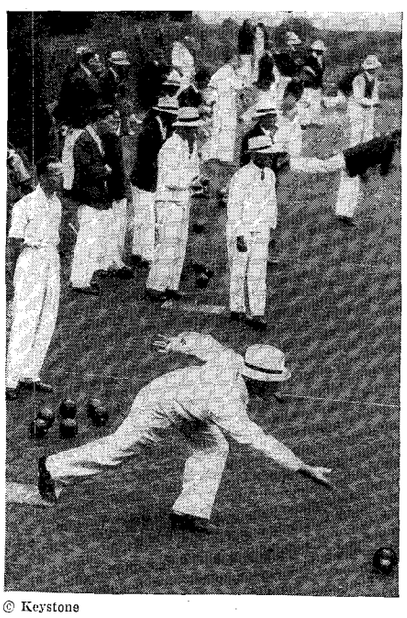
"The only dope I got that night was concealed in Schmeling's right hand."

In Berlin, Schmeling told reporters:

"If any dope was given Louis, he got it with a blow from my glove in the fourth round."

* * *

Protesting against women duffers "who take ten to fifteen strokes a hole," caddies at the Mattapoisett, Massachusetts, golf links last week won their strike demand: overtime pay from players who exceed a three-hour limit for nine holes.



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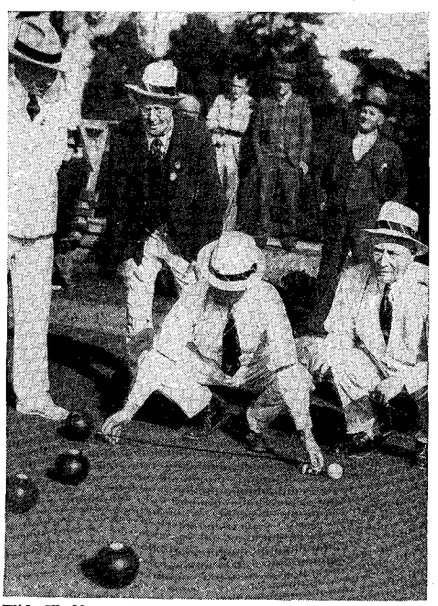

Wide World

Lawn bowling: the bowler bowls where the "skip" tells him to . . . and the closer to the "kitty," the better

Her Tennis Stroke is *Correctly Timed*

—too bad her *laxative* wasn't!

HER SWING is a marvel of precision and timing . . . What a pity she didn't know that *correct timing* is vital in a laxative, too!

You see, when you take a laxative into your system, you can't afford to take chances. Look out for harsh, over-acting cathartics that might upset you, nauseate you, cause stomach pains, leave you weak and dragged down. Such laxatives abuse you internally. Their after-effects are unpleasant, sometimes dangerous.

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Just what is meant by correct timing in a laxative? Simply this: a correctly timed laxative takes from 6 to 8 hours to be effective. Its action is gentle and g-r-a-d-u-a-l, yet completely thorough.

Ex-Lax is just such a laxative. It won't throw your system out of rhythm. No stomach pains, no nausea. No unpleasant after-effects of any sort. Ex-Lax works so naturally that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

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Ex-Lax is not only kind to your system—it's kind to your taste, too. Its flavor is just like smooth, delicious chocolate. And Ex-Lax is equally effective for every member of the family . . . children and grown-ups alike. All druggists sell Ex-Lax in economical 10¢ and 25¢ sizes.

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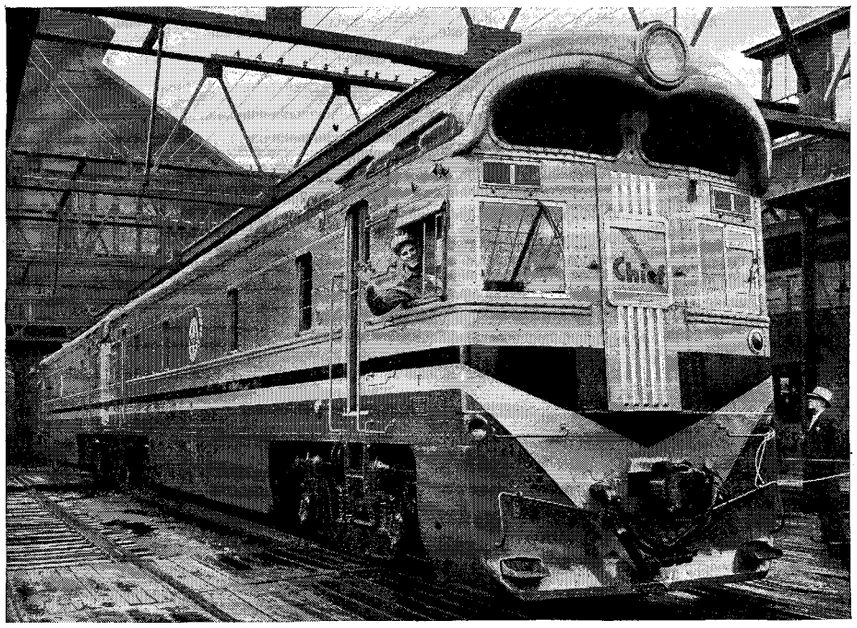
THE IRON HORSE TRIUMPHANT IN WEST

Railroads Hold Week's Celebration of Passenger Come-Back



Ready for the run between Chicago and Los Angeles: the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé's crack special, "The Super Chief"

As dramatic as the maiden crossing of a *Queen Mary* has been the come-back of Western railroading.

Into the come-back has gone a substantial portion of the half billion dollars which the nation's carriers spent in five years on stream-lined luxury rail-liners, electrification, Diesel engines, air conditioning, modernized terminals.

Into it also has gone showmanship. With lavish daubs of color, hard-boiled railroaders raced stream-lined, articulated speedsters across the continent, mixed business with drama and recaptured the public's waning interest. Passenger traffic throughout the country, which had plummeted from 862,000,000 persons in 1926 to 423,000,000 in 1933, promised this year to perk up to 600,000,000.

Thus, over their 136,000 miles of tracks (enough to girdle the earth five and one-half times), Western railways triumphantly pounded out a record of returning solvency and profits. To spread their achievements before the public, the revitalized Western roads last week celebrated "Railroad Week."

In Chicago, Denver, San Francisco and 500 lesser cities, approximately 18,000 locomotives snorted a mighty salute to open a round of hand-car derbies, red cap races, train callings. In Chicago, executives chose the Queen of the Railroad Week: eighteen-year-old Miss Marybeth McGurk, employee of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad.

Stream-Liner Stars—Excitedly, spectators gaped at the Union Pacific's stream-liner *City of Denver*, fastest long distance train in the world. Daily since June this train had hurtled the 1,048 miles from Chicago to Denver in sixteen hours, slicing nine and one-half hours from previous records.

In the *City of Denver* the traveler finds single and double bedroom cars with permanent ladders for upper berths. To lighten his trip also are air conditioning, individual heat control, windows in upper berths.

On exhibition also was the Diesel-powered *Super Chief* of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé, which negotiates the 2,228 miles between Chicago and Los Angeles in eighteen hours' less time than the sixty-one hours consumed by the standard trains. Crowds gathered also before the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific *Hiawatha*, world's fastest train, which zips off the 409 miles between Chicago and St. Paul in six and one-half hours.

In these and in other luxuriously appointed trains, observers noted a new rail showmanship. Gone was the sedate, sooty black used on standard locomotives. In its stead, new trains sported distinctive, vivid colors, unusual lighting systems, driving wheels with phosphorescent tire-bands.

Celebration Fund—To finance "Railroad Week," Western roads had pooled $75,000; individual carriers spent considerably more. Furthermore, the roads planned to spend $225,000 jointly in newspaper advertising.

Altho plans were not revealed, observers knew that advertising copy would stress the three factors which had revitalized the industry: speed, comfort and lower fares.

Of chief importance in the comfort program is air-conditioning. On air-cooling systems, American roads have spent $40,000,000 since 1932. Western roads last year increased air-conditioned equipment 50 per cent. Slated for air-conditioning this year are 342 additional cars.

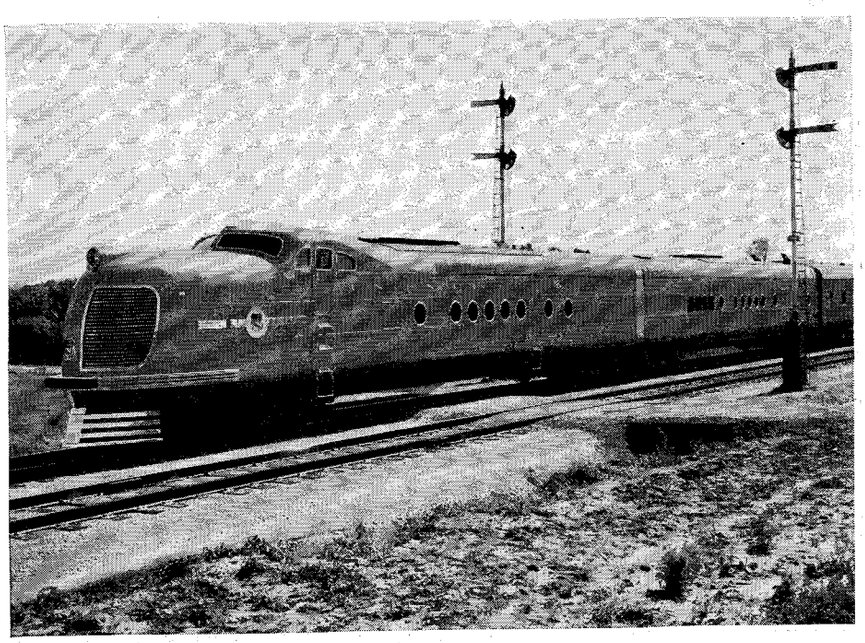
No little part of passenger gain which Western roads boast is laid to lower fares. Western carriers inaugurated the 2-cent mileage in the fall of 1933. Delightedly, travelers realized they could ride from Chicago to Denver for $20.71 (coaches) instead of the previous $37.28. The $14.27 Chicago-St. Paul trip toppled to $7.93; the $79.84 Chicago-San Francisco trip dropped to $44.36.

More passengers riding at lower fares boosted total revenues: for the first four months of 1936, gross income totaled $35,132,000 against the $23,431,000 of the similar period in 1933.

Reduced also to within the average man's reach were dining-car meals. On the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy's *Zephyr* trains, passengers can obtain service breakfasts at 25 to 30 cents, luncheon at 30 to 35 cents and dinner at 35 to 40 cents.

CREDIT BRAKE: Reserve Board Order Designed to Block Possible Inflation

The Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System ordered last week a 50 per cent. increase in the reserve requirements that member banks of the system must keep against deposits, effective August 15. Stripped of technicalities, the



The Union Pacific's "City of Denver," the fastest long-distance train in the world

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measure represents a strong preventive move against future runaway inflation.

The order will lock up or sterilize an additional $1,450,000,000 of bank reserves against a period of "injurious credit expansion," a polite name for credit inflation. As authorities figure that the lending power of banks multiplies at least ten to one on the basis of such reserves, the increase will block nearly fifteen billion bank credit dollars out of the nation's credit structure.

Chairman Marriner S. Eccles and his fellow Governors, comprising the Central Board in Washington, acted only after bankers and economists had repeatedly warned that the $3,000,000,000 of overhanging excess reserves held the potential destructive force of dynamite.

Warnings Sounded—Last year, Winthrop W. Aldrich, Rockefeller financial spokesman and head of the Chase National Bank of New York City, characterized the reserves as "explosive material awaiting the match." And the Federal Advisory Council, composed of one important banker from each of the country's Federal Reserve districts, pointed to the danger.

But the Council has only the authority to advise and Mr. Eccles pooh-poohed this advice at the time. In this scoffing, he had the backing of S. Parker Gilbert, one of the newer J. P. Morgan & Co. partners, who feared that an increase might check recovery and set in motion new deflationary forces.

While the 6,377 member banks of the Federal Reserve System total in number somewhat fewer than half of the nation's commercial banks, their deposits of about $32,000,000,000 make up more than 80 per cent. of the total.

During the War year 1917, an amendment to the Federal Reserve Act fixed by law the percentages of deposits that the member banks must carry as reserves against customers' deposits and stipulated that such reserves must be kept as balances with the twelve Regional Reserve Banks.

The percentages fixed on demand deposits were 13 for the Central Reserve cities, New York and Chicago; 10 for reserve cities such as Atlanta and San Francisco, and 7 for the so-called "country banks" in the smaller communities. For time deposits, the rate was uniformly 3 per cent. It is these rates that will be jumped 50 per cent. by the new order.

Power Conferred—Until 1933 only Congress by enactment could have changed the reserve requirements. In that year, under the Roosevelt Administration, an amendment permitted the Reserve Board with the approval of the President of the United States, to vary the requirements when an "emergency" due to credit expansion existed. More forward looking, the Banking Act of 1935 permitted a 100 per cent. change in the old rates by the Board, without Presidential approval, "in order to prevent injurious credit expansions or contraction."

Thus the Board's action last week was preventive rather than curative.

In a statement explaining the increase, the Board estimated that total reserves of all member banks will reach $6,300,000,000 by the effective date of the order. Required reserves will be increased from $2,900,000,000 to $4,350,000,000, leaving excess reserves of $1,900,000,000.

The Board said that the remaining excess reserves—the amount above reserve requirements kept on deposit with the Reserve Banks by all member banks—would offer a sufficient credit base to meet all present or prospective needs of commerce, industry or agriculture. It saw the present time as propitious for the change, noting that virtually all member banks individually have sufficient reserves or balances with other banks to meet the increase without trouble.

Official Explanation—"It is far better," its statement said, "to sterilize a part of these superfluous reserves while they are still unused than to permit a credit structure to be erected upon them and then to withdraw the foundation of the structure."

As the Federal Reserve, like most Central Banks, pays no interest on deposits, the presence of excess reserves tempts banks to put the money to work. When the size of these reserves reaches abnormality, as at present, they may be the temptress that encourages banks to make loans on unsound ventures or for foolish speculative purposes. It is roughly this situation that might start inflation rolling.

The Board of Governors broke time-honored banking tradition in its method of attack. Central Banks usually use one or both of two methods of credit control, the rediscount rate and open market operations, but never before has the increase in reserve requirements been used.

By raising the rediscount rate—the rate at which member banks borrow from the Central Bank—Central Banks check credit expansion by making it more expensive for the banks, and hence business or speculators, to borrow. By selling their own holdings of government securities in the open market, they draw in surplus funds, eventually reducing the banks' reserves. But either of these methods might have interfered with the low cost of Treasury financing and the "easy money" policy of the Board.

Policy Statement—On the premise that the excess reserves had resulted almost entirely from the large inflow of gold from abroad since devaluation of the dollar and not "from the system's policy of encouraging full recovery through the creation and maintenance of easy money conditions," the Board announced that "the easy money policy will be continued."

One reflection of this is the low rediscount rates, which stand at 1½ per cent. in New York and Cleveland and 2 per cent. in other Reserve cities, against 6 per cent. in October, 1929. Another has been the cutting of interest rates to borrowers by various government agencies.

While the Board gave assurance that reserve requirements would not be changed again except under exceptional conditions, it noted that the reduction in excess reserves brings them within the scope of control through the system's open market portfolio. Against the $1,900,000,000 of excess reserves expected on August 15, the twelve Reserve Banks hold $2,430,000,000 of United States government securities.

Press Comment—Most press comment greeted the untried maneuver favorably. To nearly all, it was better to put a snaffle on the inflationary horse before he started galloping.

"The Reserve Governors are not going to be charged by and by with having locked the stable door too late," declared *The Boston News Bureau*. "Perhaps they recall how their predecessors were chided after 1929 for having spoken and acted too mildly, too tardily."

"The mere fact that the Board of Governors has taken an initial step toward heading off credit inflation," commented the Washington *Post*, "before it has gone

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beyond control is an encouraging development, even tho the immediate effect is not likely to be great. It does, however, hold out hopes that the Board will have the courage to exercise a more positive kind of restraint if this proves desirable later on."

"The Administration has run by a lot of danger signals in its various experiments," the Baltimore *Sun* noted. "It is still running by danger signals at a distressing pace in the matter of spending. And until this action on the part of the Governors of the Reserve System there was nothing to indicate that it would not also run by danger signals in banking.

Safeguard—"The order raising reserve requirements suggests the contrary. In this instance the Board of Governors of the Reserve System interpose a safeguard before the danger has actually developed. They seek to employ prevention before the event rather than to seek a hasty remedy after the event.

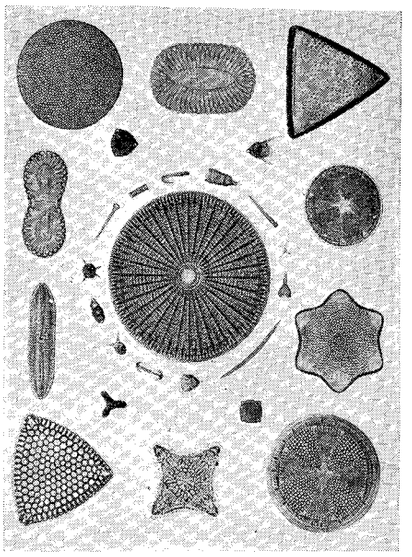
"It is a hopeful augury."

Opposing the move as deflationary at a time when the whole policy of the Federal Government is directed toward a higher price level, the Philadelphia *Record* described it by simile: "*Caspar Milquetoast* is driving to Atlantic City. At Egg Harbor, seventeen miles from the shore, he jams on his emergency brake—for fear of running into the ocean. This, in a nutshell, sums up the action of the Federal Reserve Board in ordering a 50 per cent. increase in the reserve requirements of member banks.

"Not only has the board, in effect, clamped on the economic emergency brake before even using the foot-brake, but no pressing reason exists for putting on any brake at all—when the nation is but little more than two-thirds of the way up recovery hill."

TINY PLANTS: Five Million Years Ago Diatomite Was Spawned; Useful Everywhere

If you know what diatomite is, you're one in a thousand. Yet from the moment you leave your bed in the morning until you climb into it again at night, diatomite, in some shape or form, has passed through your hands several dozen times and you are either standing, sitting, leaning, or walking on it in your home, office, or workshop the greater part of the day.



Several of the 8,000 varieties of diatoms already found, depicted in photo-micrographs

To obtain insulating material suitable for high temperature jobs for which asbestos had proved inadequate, the Johns-Manville Corporation (building materials) in 1928 spent $9,000,000 for some five square miles of diatom deposits at Lompoc, California, a small quarrying town forty-four miles from Santa Barbara and ten miles from the Pacific. Equipped with power-shovels and electric saws, 350 men began to bite and hack diatomaceous earth out of a 1,400 foot mountain of fossilized, microscopic organisms of which twenty to seventy-five millions make up one cubic inch of diatomaceous earth.

The product was put on the market as Celite.

Lompoc harbors 30,000,000 tons of stratified diatoms. Nature, some 5,000,000 years ago, spawned billions of the silica-shelled plants—altho invisible to the naked eye, there are 8,000 varieties—in this California town. As they died, their silica skeletons collected on the bottom of what was then a sea. Every year a new half-inch layer of dead diatoms settled on the bottom.

After 30,000 years, Lompoc diatoms had piled 1,400 feet high. Later, when the earth's crust changed, the skeletons were packed tightly into a chalklike formation which a subsequent continental rise pushed out of the sea to form what is to-day the world's largest and most uniform deposit of diatomite.

Useful Product—Diatomite is highly porous and resistant to high temperatures. To melt it, terrific heat—over 2,900 degrees Fahrenheit—is necessary. Industry quickly recognized its valuable qualities as an insulator.

In blocks and bricks, it was put to work to insulate boiler settings, high-power turbines, high-pressure steam lines.

Yet for all of the new demand, diatomite was no new material. In the sixth century, the Roman Emperor Justinian's craftsmen had dubbed it "swimming brick." Because of its porosity and lightness they employed it in the dome of the St. Sophia Cathedral in Constantinople.

Through the middle ages it bobbed up in the fabrication of building materials and as a polishing agent.

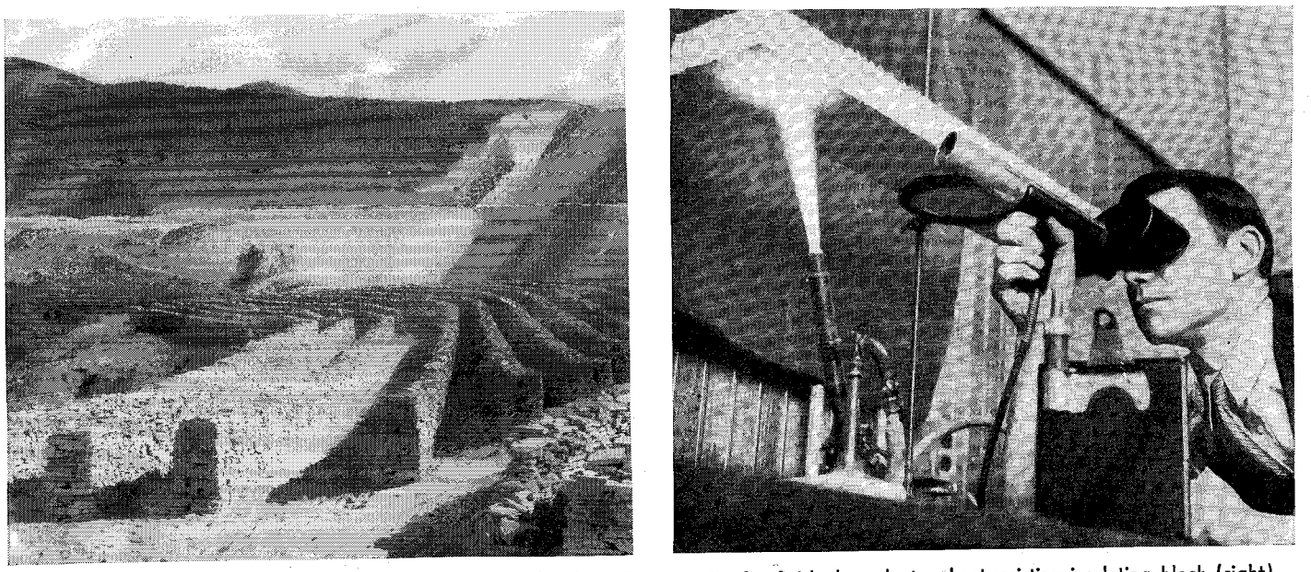
From Beddington, Maine, in 1865, diatomiferous earth was mined for use in tooth-powder.

In 1870 Alfred Nobel absorbed nitroglycerine in diatomite and gave the world dynamite.

In 1900, world production of diatomite totaled 20,000 tons, mostly for use in crude insulation and for filter. In 1933 world production totaled 155,000 tons. Of this, the United States produces 80,000 tons, most of it by Johns-Manville. The remainder is produced by the Dicalite Company of Torrence, California; the Pacatone Company of Bradley, California; the Western Diatomite Company in Oregon, and some ten lesser companies.

Benefit by Slump—One year after Johns-Manville began to exploit diatomaceous earth in earnest, the economic crisis hobbled industry and crippled manufacturers' and builders' demands. But the depression eventually proved a boon. To its research engineers, chemists and geologists, Johns-Manville said: find new uses for diatomite, improve uses already known. And the researchers did.

In a sprawling brick laboratory at Manville, New Jersey, Dr. A. B. Cummins, graying diatomite Research Chief, last week spurred his fifteen-man staff on to a



Diatoms in the raw in a quarry at Lompoc, California, (left), and as a part of a finished product, a heat-resisting insulating block (right)

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new task: expansion of the use of diatomite as a mineral filler in paints.

In seven years Doctor Cummins' researchers had dumped into the laps of delighted manufacturers numerous new uses for diatomite. Broadly these fell into five classes: (1) heat insulation, (2) filter material, (3) mineral filler as in paint, bookpaper, insecticides, (4) abrasives and polishes, (5) hydraulic cement admixtures. Daily, the average man unsuspectingly employed innumerable diatomite products.

Arising, for instance, *John Doe* reaches for a plastic molded comb and hair-brush. Into them had gone diatomaceous earth filler to increase tensile strength and reduce water absorption; similarly also with the buttons of the pajamas which he is doffing.

Donning his street clothes *John Doe* is little aware that the cleaning fluid which recently restored his suit's freshness had been filtered through diatomaceous earth (powdered filter aids) to remove impurities.

At the breakfast table *John Doe's* wife pours coffee heated on a gas-range manufactured in a modern furnace, possible only because of diatomite insulation. Into the coffee she drops two lumps of sugar. Through diatomaceous earth the sugar syrup had been strained before crystallization; last year the sugar industry used 21,000 tons for this purpose.

Polish for Motor—Entering his automobile to drive to work, *John Doe* pauses to admire the high polish on his radiator, the smooth finish of his car's paint job. For both, manufacturers thank diatomite. For the radiator, diatomite in the rôle of abrasive had provided a fine polish. For the paint job, diatomite also had provided an undercoat and a high polish.

John Doe drives off over asphalt which has been toughened by diatomaceous earth.

At lunch he drinks beer filtered through diatomite. Chemically inert (devoid of active chemical properties) diatomite powders are mixed with the solution to be filtered. As this solution passes through the filter, the powder collects on the filter membrane and forms a porous cake with openings hundreds of times finer than the finest mesh.

In the matches with which *John Doe* lights his cigarette, diatomite provides bulk for the chemicals. In the perfume he buys for his wife it provides an absorbent to capture the delicate odor.

To make *John Doe's* life thus more pleasant American manufacturers annually purchase $2,000,000 worth of diatomite.

Production Cost—To mine it producers spend $5 to $10 a ton. In crushing-mills and baking-plants adjoining the deposits they spend from two to three times these sums a ton to bake the diatomite into bricks or crush it into powder of variously sized particles.

Interesting to Johns-Manville executives are the uses to which overseas buyers put the 6,000 tons which they buy annually from the corporation.

At Kobe, Japan, subway-builders last year scratched their heads at a vexing problem. In sinking the tunnel fourteen to seventeen feet beneath the surface, engineers had encountered alkali soil-water.

For this condition, water-tight, alkali-resistant concrete was necessary. Johns-Manville counseled diatomite. By adding 3 per cent. powdered diatomaceous earth to the concrete mixture (374 tons in all) Kobe engineers delightedly found they had increased the concrete's strength 25 per cent. and made it water-tight.

The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

As this Department receives a great many more inquiries than it can publish, only such of these as appeal to the Editors as of general interest to the greatest number of Readers are printed.

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

building, structure, edifice.—"E. R.," East Orange, N. J.—Under the broad sense of the word, it is not incorrect to class the *Rose Bowl* in Pasadena as a *building,* but the present tendency is to limit this term to a place for housing persons or things. Accordingly, the *Rose Bowl* is more adequately described as an *edifice* or a *structure.* In general, tho the terms are freely interchanged, *structure* applies to constructions of solid appearance or nature, such as dams, or, as in this instance, a stadium; *edifice* applies to imposing constructions, usually devoted to human use, such as a church, a lofty office-building, a stately mansion; *building* applies to constructions for the more humble purposes of man, to his modest homes, his barns, and stores. All these are built by man, and so, all are *buildings:* all are constructed, hence, all are *structures;* and, since *edifice* is from the Latin *ædificium,* meaning a building, all are likewise *edifices.*

intelligence, intellect.—"L. K." South Norwalk, Conn.—The definitions of *intelligence* and *intellect* are closely interrelated. Roughly, the two terms are differentiated by ascribing to the *intellectual* man a special ability to deal with the abstract and theoretical, while the *intelligent* man is efficient in concrete situations and practical affairs.

Psychologists are constantly at variance as to the exact factors constituting *intelligence;* but their different opinions are concerned chiefly with the degree of mentality that distinguishes the ability to reason from sheer intuition.

Intelligence bears no relation to personal character or to the inherent nature of an individual. A man may possess a high order of *intelligence*—a high ability to reason clearly—and yet devote all his *intelligence* to most inhuman cruelty. Some of the world's greatest criminals have been men of a high degree of *intelligence.* In fact, the more *intelligent* the criminal, the greater is the *intelligence* required to apprehend him. The moron, lacking *intelligence,* evades punishment for criminal misdeeds by intuitive animal cunning.

organization.—"M. F.," New York City.—In the United States, this word is pronounced *or"gan-i-ze' shan*—*o* as in *or, a's* as in *final, i* as in *habit, e* as in *prey, sh* as in *ship.* In England, the third syllable has the sound of *ai* as in *aisle.*

purlin, purling.—"R. T.," San Francisco, Calif.—*Purlin* is an architectural term; it is one of the horizontal timbers in a roof, parallel to ridge-pole and to wall-plate. If one could correctly speak of a *purlin* stream, one could with equal logic refer to a *ridge-pole* stream, or a *wall-plate* stream, or even to a *rafter* stream.

Purling, the participial adjective from the verb *purl,* describes the bubbling or murmuring sound made by a flowing stream. It refers only to the sound, not to the location.

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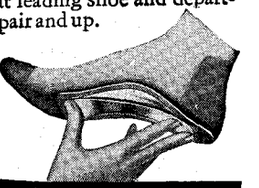

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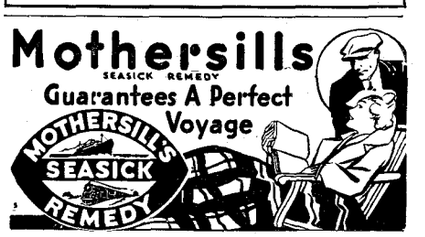

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Mail

(*Continued from page 2*)

Stone, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Minnesota, said as follows:

"Our doctrine of judicial review of legislation has been adopted by nine other peoples. In large part it has been followed in three others, Russia, Germany and Mexico. In not one of the twelve has there been a declaration that on a question of constitutional law a minority of the court should dictate decision."

Specifically, he named the additional countries of Canada, Australia, Irish Free State, Turkey, Estonia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Austria and Switzerland.

In a footnote he has this to say:

"My documentation, indicating the extent to which our Constitution has been followed elsewhere, is incomplete, not only as to coverage of subject matter but also of countries. It makes no mention of the South American Republics, all of which, it is believed, have adopted much of our constitutional law. Argentina, probably the most stable of all, has gone a long way in following us. They have not only our departmentalization of power and *judicial review of legislation* but have also taken over our commerce and full faith and credit clauses. The extent to which other constitutions, by revolution or otherwise, have become temporarily or permanently disregarded has not been overlooked. The fact remains that they were formulated by the best political and legal scholarship available at the time of their adoption."

Trusting this answers your reader's inquiry, I am. H. O. SKINNER.
St. Paul, Minnesota.

Slips and Quips

Sir:—The addenda and explanations to your "Slips that Pass in the Type" are ridiculous.

They may supply grits and bacon to some deserving editor but they paralyze your readers.

Explaining, dissecting, analyzing, divining and interpreting the "Slips" for your readers is as silly a performance as Gable trying to play *Ben Hur*.

WILIAM GLENN, Editor,
The Oriando Morning Sentinel.
Orlando, Florida.

Sir:—I have been reading THE DIGEST'S "Slips that Pass" for a number of years and have felt myself capable of seeing and appreciating their comicalities without assistance.

Lately, however, each "Slip" has an appended editorial comment which spoils it for me. The "Slips" are comical because they are accidental and natural. The editorial tags are not witty, because they are forced. The "Slips" surprize one into a laugh.
Boston. A. E. POOLE, M.D.

Sir:—I do not agree with readers who wish the editorial comment omitted from the "Slips" page. The comment is sometimes the best part of the joke. I do hope you will continue to use it. However, I must say at this time that I miss the "Spice of Life" page as it used to be. Most of those jokes were excellent ones, and I know there is a place for both the jokes and the "Slips".

MARION L. HESSE.
Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Sir:—I heartily disagree with the gentleman who thinks the editorial comments under "Slips that Pass in the Type" should be discarded. I enjoy them as much and sometimes more than the "Slips" themselves. Please do not consider discontinuing them.

Also, here's a toast to your "Current Poetry" page. FRANCIS MILLER.
Myerstown, Pennsylvania.

Sir:—The comments under "Slips That Pass in Type" are witty and quite as amusing as the "Slips" themselves.

If one of your readers in Atlanta, Georgia, considers them an abomination, I would suggest that he simply cease reading them, without attempting to deprive appreciative readers of entertainment. D. M. GOUGH.
Wallingford, Connecticut.

Sir:—For us the little quips that follow the "Slips" at least double or triple the chuckles.

WILL C. MATTHEWS.
Omaha, Nebraska.

San Angelo, Texas

Sir:—From "Slips That Pass in Type" in a recent issue:

Five Years Ago:

Three children died in a cloudburst near Memphis, Texas, as floods swept that section of the Southwest. Beneficial rains also fell in the San Angelo area.—*San Angelo (Calif.) paper.*

And I presume the same flood washed San Angelo from Texas to California?

M. W. SHAFFER.
Azusa, California.

[THE LITERARY DIGEST regrets a slip that placed San Angelo in California instead of in Texas—EDITOR.]

Scottish Schoolboy

Sir:—Murdock MacLennan in a recent issue is to be congratulated on his literary taste.

It is pleasing to have a Scotch schoolboy admire the pictures of our automobiles and if Murdock will forget his aversion to Americans and follow hundreds of his countrymen to Portland, Oregon, he will doubtless soon own one of those beautiful cars.

It is suggested that he bring part but not all of his Scotch thrift with him and that he leave behind the Scotch propensity for praising God that he was born a Scotchman. In America we know what any ethnologist will tell him: that no race or nation has a monopoly on intelligence.

He will find Scotch employers in Portland who will hire none other than Scotchmen but no American employer will discriminate against him for being Scotch.

ARCHIE E. BRADSHAW.
Portland, Oregon.

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Abdullah Ibn Hussein—Emir of Transjordania (p. 14)—each *u* as in *full*: *ab-dul'a ibn* (as in *ribbon*) *hu-sane'*.

Jose Guggiari—former Paraguayan President—in simple syllables, *ho-say' gu-ji-ah'ri* (*gu* as in *gulf*, *i* as in *jig*).

German Soler—Paraguayan statesman—not German, but *hehr-mahn' so-lehr'* (*eh* as in *eh*).

Sotelo—murdered Spanish royalist (p. 12)—rimes with *oh fellow*.

Teh Wang—Chinese prince (p. 15)—New York Chinese call him *tee wahng*.

Yin Ju-keng—Governor in East Hopei (p. 15)—pretty close is *yin you-keng*.

Van Doren—editor and author—a correction: he wants the *o* as in *go*.

Slips That Pass in Type

Germans drank 120 pints of beef per head in the last 12 months.—*Phoenix (Ariz.) paper.*

We hope they didn't get a bum steer.

J——— G——— was granted a divorce from A——— G———. Married in 1827, they separated last May.—*Cincinnati paper.*

Grounds incompatibility.

The roofs are insulted to keep the sun's heat from seeping down through the ceiling.—*Atlanta paper.*

A trifle piqued.

On the Air—
WEVD—Debate: "Should Foreigners Register with the Lice?"—*Brooklyn paper.*

Scratch that one off our schedule.

Jaded—
POSTMEN TIRED OF BITING DOGS
Wichita (Kan.) paper.

The hair does get in a man's teeth.

The couple stood before an improvised altar banked with summer blossoms while the Rev. M——— performed the wedding ceremony, using the ring service.

The bridegroom wore a gown of white georgette with matching accessories and carried an arm bouquet of pink carnations.—*Douglas (Ariz.) paper.*

The bride wore a rented cutaway.

According to her own simple tale, she first cast blushing eyes on her monarch when he was fifteen, and but a Crown Prince.—THE LITERARY DIGEST.

A case of pink-eye at first sight.

B——— Theatre
LEAVING TONITE
"THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINS"
—Tacoma (Wash.) paper.

Or "Bertha, The Sewing-Machine Girl."

The monthly meeting of the Adolphustown branch of the Women's Institute, will be held Wednesday when a picnic lunch, furnished by the members, will be the special guest of the day.—*Napanee (Ont.) paper.*

With a short speech by a hard-boiled egg.

During the ten minute ceremony Mrs. O———, who carried a bouquet of forget-me-nots and pink rosebuds, dropped her handkerchief. C——— R——— retrieved it and handed it to her with a courtly blow.—*Lancaster (Pa.) paper.*

A gentleman of the old school.

H——— B———, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J——— B———, was married Monday afternoon to J——— M———, farmer near here.

The bride wore a pink silk net.—*Glasgow (Mont.) paper.*

Fishwife?

The road was built in 1890.

It made connections with the fleet of eight goats of the L——— K——— Navigation Company, which plied between this village and Penn Yan.—*Elmira (N. Y.) paper.*

Those were the days of leisurely transport.

An aggressive campaign is being conducted by H——— J——— for the nomination as lieutenant governor on the Republicant ticket. He was born in Wisconsin in 1914, but came to Montana from central Illinois in 1914 to attend law school at the State university.—*Glasgow (Mont.) paper.*

But can he keep up the pace?

And how about weights? Leo weighs 186; Smith, 07. Figure that out for yourself.

Finally, how about the age difference? The Montanan is only 4; the Aberdeen man, 32.

And there you are. Is it any wonder the fans want to know all the answers before they reach for the old sock?—*Billings (Mont.) paper.*

Frankly, yes.

Little Fixers—
TERMITES EAT UP BEAMS, FLOORS IN ZONE CLUBHOUSE

Will Also Make Repairs On Port Cochere; May Make It Useful
—Panama City (Republic of Panama) paper.

And our termites can't even drive a nail!

It is an important report. Or at least it is an important subject with which the report deals. It is, in all probability, the most important subject with which the report deals. It is, in all probability, the most important subject the commission will ever be called on to deal with.—*Indianapolis paper.*

But is it important?

They are betting now that J——— D——— M———, New York American League rookie outfielder, will hit .350 his first year in big league baseball. If he does he will have done something that Babe Ruth, Ty Cobb, Tris Speaker, and a host of others failed to do. At this writing D-M——— is hitting .000.—*Williamsport (Pa.) paper.*

There *is* room for improvement.

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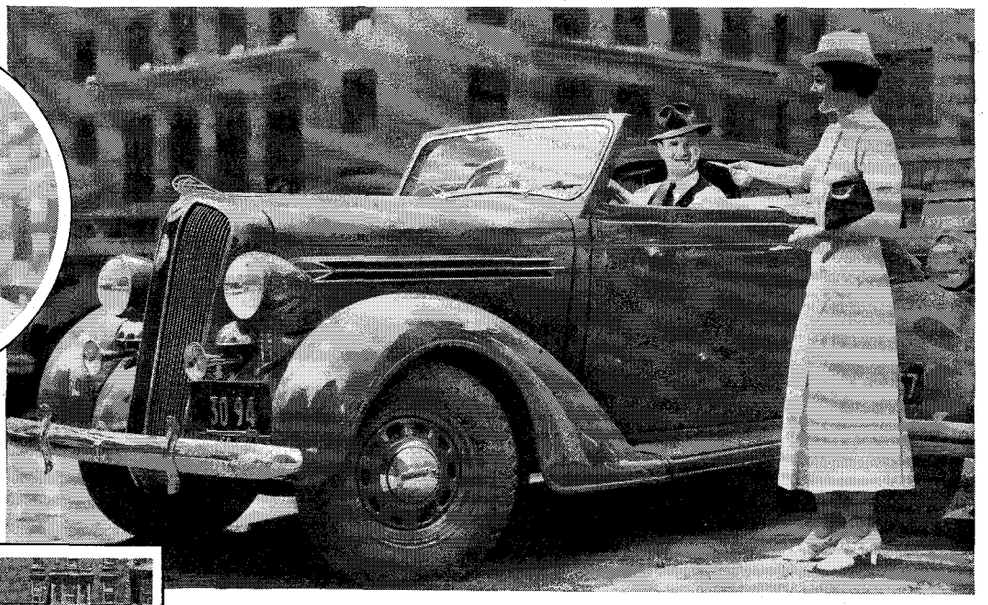

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